The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1925 NUMBER 568

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The Week

AS this issue of the New Republic goes to press the only news which the correspondents have been able to obtain about the progress of the negotiations at Locarno have been more or less inspired reports of secret interviews among the negotiators. According to these accounts France and Great Britain are willing to make large concessions in order to obtain the signature of Germany to the security pact and in order to get Germany into the League of Nations. They are willing to recommend the exemption of unarmed Germany from military responsibilities under the Covenant. They would be willing at least in part to separate the question of a guarantee of the western frontier of Germany from that of her eastern frontier. They may even be willing to evacuate Cologne, to mitigate the occupation of the Rhine and to restore some of the colonies of Germany under a League mandate. But there is no indication as yet that France is willing to abandon the execution on her own independent judgment of the military sanctions of the Treaty of Versailles. Nevertheless the prospects for an ultimate agreement appear to be encouraging.

IF Germany does enter the League on terms recognizing the exceptional conditions which are created by her comparative disarmament, her admission will add very much to the efficiency of the League as an agency of pacification. Being disarmed Germany is necessarily pacific and necessarily an advocate of improved organization for peace. If she is ever to occupy again a political position in Europe comparable to that of France, Great Britain and Italy, either she must be armed or they must be disarmed. For the present any serious proposal to arm Germany or any movement in that direction would involve war and the military occupation of an increased area of German territory. The future emancipation or equality of Germany must depend, consequently, upon an organization of peace which is so generally satisfactory that disarmament becomes possible. It looks as if German statesmen now accept these onerous conditions and are willing to use the League of Nations as the best agency through which to accomplish their own deliverance. If this proves to be true the League will take on a new and much more aggressively pacific function. Its prestige and serviceability may well be enormously increased.

THE preliminary announcement of the measures of political re-organization whereby Mussolini proposes to convert Italy into a Fascist state seem to combine in equal measure tendencies towards syndicalism, state centralization and personal dictatorship. The legal powers of the President of the Council are considerably increased. Municipal self-government is almost completely abolished. Finally all the industries are required to set up guilds of employers and employes which will be recognized as official by the state and which are compelled to arbitrate their differences subject to state supervision. This proposed reconstruction carries state centralization further than it was carried even by Napoleon, and it associates this state aggrandizement with an equally autocratic form of state capitalism. The structure will be crowned by Mussolini himself, who will supply all the energy and dictate the paternal policy. It seems incredible that such a complete suppression of local self-government and both civil and political liberties can survive for much longer in a country like Italy. The Bolshevist government,

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being representative of a class and a disciplined party and being imposed on an inert peasantry has a much better chance of survival than Mussolini's pretentious but pinchbeck Napoleonism. A people such as the Italian which is accustomed to the taste of political liberty can hardly tolerate it much longer; and unless the King soon dissociates himself from Fascism it looks as if the fall of Mussolini might be accompanied by the fulfilment of the dreams of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and the advent of an Italian Republic.

MUSSOLINI has suppressed freedom of opinion so thoroughly in Italy that he need never hear or read anything derogatory to himself. He seeks equal control of opinion abroad. Recently a member of the Austrian Assembly indulged in remarks about Mussolini, whereupon Italy outrages her defenceless neighbor with threats. At Brighton recently Mr. Baldwin remarked that Great Britain does not want a Mussolini, or words to that effect. The perfectly casual tone of the utterance shows better than could any deliberately chosen insult, the way in which Mussolini is regarded by his neighbors, especially since the revelations of Finzi and Rossi have connected him beyond a peradventure with the brutal murder of Matteotti. Mussolini again objects, asks to know why Great Britain does not want the blessing of Mussolini. The only country which really admires Mussolini is the United States, as it expresses itself in our ruling class and government. The former, especially those who visit Italy under the dictator's protection, are vociferous in his praise; and our courts recently sent the editor of an anti-fascist Italian paper in New York to prison for six months in a case brought at the instance of the Italian Ambassador.

THE tendency of events to outrun the processes of taking thought in human affairs is perfectly illustrated in the Chinese situation. While the powers, having held one inquiry on the Shanghai massacre and suppressed its findings, were making ready to call another which they happily distinguished from the earlier one by the adjective judicial, the Chinese had made up their minds that all such investigation long after the event was futile and washed their hands of the whole matter. Now while the powers are sending representatives to Peking to consider the two outstanding questions of customs autonomy and extra-territoriality, the Chinese are coming to the conclusion that China is entitled to make decisions in these matters for herself, and that to enter a general conference in regard to them is to admit limitation of her sovereignty and to confess inferiority of status, in short to give her whole case away. It would doubtless be a popular move for any Chinese government to take this ground, and it is equally probable that the results of the conference will so far lag behind the demands of public opinion in China that any government sharing responsibility for them will promptly lose its life. It is not for us to give advice to Chinese statesmen in this delicate situation, but it may be remarked that it is peculiarly the duty of our own to be on the alert. The action of a single nation in recognizing fully and frankly the requirements of the situation may lead the powers out of the morass in which they will otherwise collectively struggle and sink.

IN an interesting communication to the Times, Mr. Walter Duranty gives the views of Russia on the Chinese situation as outlined by Karakhan, Soviet Ambassador to Peking, and by Radek, director of the Chinese University in Morocco. Karakhan sees as the chief factor in China the rivalry of contending military leaders. He looks to the victory of one of them over the others as the way to unity, and he picks as the winner Feng Yuhsiang, the Christian general. Apparently the English have analyzed the situation into the same elements, and have put their money on Chang Tso-lin. Radek looks below the surface of Chinese military strife, and sees in the industrial trouble at Shanghai and elsewhere the emergence of a Chinese proletariat, not yet class conscious, but strong enough to enforce the boycott against their chief enemies and exploiters. He expects the small bourgeoisie and the young intelligentsia to rally to this proletariat. Meanwhile the national army of Sun Yat-sen has become the controlling factor in Southern China. Radek points out the good feeling existing between this army and the peasantry, and sees Feng following this example of the Cantonese, thus distinguishing himself and his army from the plundering mercenaries of Chang Tso-lin, and becoming a national figure with a significant cause—i. e., the national revolution, union of workers and peasants, and struggle against foreign imperialism. If the future of China actually lies between these two leaders there is another delicate choice before our State department, one which is complicated by the tradition of intolerance long ago established against any beliefs, policies or systems which have a trace of Bolshevist social philosophy.

THE present emergency rent laws of New York City, passed five years ago to protect tenants from exploitation in the dearth of dwellings caused by the cessation of building operations during the War, expire on February 15. Thereafter in the absence of new legislation landlords will resume their full property rights, and tenants who have hitherto been able to resist raises in rent will become subject to eviction on five days' notice. The question whether the situation demands new legislation will be discussed at a hearing before the State Commission of Housing and Regional Planning on November 9. It is true that the absolute shortage of dwellings which existed five years ago exists no longer. The margin of vacant apartments, which then touched the negligible figure of 1,510, or 0.15 per-

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cent, had risen in January 1924 to 2.23 percent, and is now higher. This margin, however, applies only to the higher priced apartments. The number of low priced tenements is actually smaller than it was five years ago. In the view of the tenant associations the emergency still exists. According to Capt. Harry A. Ely, President of the Tenants-Taxpayers Protective League of Greater New York, the situation will be laid before the Republican and Democratic candidates for Mayor, and the proposition of municipal appropriations to build dwellings at low cost for purchase by tenants will be urged. The tenants are naïve if they believe that either party candidate will honestly commit himself to a policy calculated to bring the municipality into this field sacred to private enterprise. Meanwhile the Socialist platform declares emphatically that the housing of the people is a responsibility of the city; and the Socialist candidate, Mr. Norman Thomas, is developing his campaign on this issue. Here is an opportunity for a healthy exercise of the franchise. If the mass of citizens who compose the tenant associations really believe that New York should imitate London in providing housing at low cost for its workers they have one way of making their belief effective—by voting for Mr. Thomas.

THE interchange regarding Russia at the convention of the American Federation of Labor between Arthur A. Purcell, a fraternal delegate of the British unions, and President William Green, is one in which both speakers command our sympathy. We agree with Mr. Purcell that "while the Americans have been the most advanced and the most receptive in ideas concerning mechanical invention and business organization they have been most slow in accepting new social and political ideas." We agree that Russia is a country of great resources and remarkable people, that the experiment of the workers of Russia should be watched with close and sympathetic interest by workers the world over, and that we in America may in the end have something to learn from it. We agree heartily that "the times we live in are too big, too fraught with fate, to permit of little prejudices, barring the way to human relationship." And we wish that an honest and honorable way could be found for the American unions to establish fraternal relations with the Russian, as they have with the British, German, Mexican, Chinese, and others struggling under far different conditions from ours, and with widely varying policies.

ON the other hand we agree with Mr. Green that there is at present an insuperable obstacle in the way of such a relationship—the obstacle furnished by the Communist International and its activities in this country. The Communists are not willing to establish friendly and coöperative relations with existing labor movements working under conditions different from those in Russia; they are not willing to admit that they have anything to learn from those whose views differ from theirs. As a result of their dogmatic philosophy and stupidly rigid tactics, they are actively at work, not merely to establish the régime they favor in Russia, but to destroy the tradition and nullify the activities of the American unions, oust their leadership, and seize control for their own aims. There is no possibility of a "live and let live" policy in dealing with this type of militancy; he who is not for the Communists must be against them. Fortunately the menace to the American unions has proved to be slight; union after union by overwhelming majorities has turned down the Communist proposals and candidates. Naturally, however, the heat generated by this internal quarrel does not create a favorable atmosphere for Mr. Purcell's magnanimous suggestions. We must honor Mr. Green for his candid statement of the situation. We can only hope that the damage done by the Communists in this country will stop at the point of international relations, that it will not also retard the progress of American labor towards those new social and political ideas which are so necessary for its welfare.

WRITES Ernest Marshall in his London correspondence to the New York Times, "If the designation did not carry with it an alarming note for those who are impressed by political labels, Mr. Baldwin might very well say, as Sir William Vernon Harcourt said a generation ago, 'We are all Socialists now.' There is very little difference except in regard to labels between Unionism and Labor in Great Britain." Discounting a pardonable journalistic exaggeration, we may accept this as a significant indication of the trend of British politics. Premier Baldwin has been violently attacked by the right wing of his own party and by the powerful Rothermere and Beaverbrook dailies for his "socialistic" tendencies, especially in giving in to the coal miners. Yet he has emerged from the recent Unionist party conference at Brighton stronger than ever. Inexorable economic pressure makes necessary radical, even if gradual, changes in the conduct of British industry and in the relation between it and the state. Labor feels this pressure first and most severely; labor protests most loudly and wants the most rapid action. But the effect on labor is transmitted to the rest of society, which must in the end move with the current, however haltingly and grumblingly. Labor's organization and its agitation of necessary changes have put the screws on its immediate adversaries. Sensible Englishmen, even among the Tories, are beginning to realize that by fighting and defeating for the time being labor's organization they would not escape the necessity of dealing with the situation which arouses labor's protest. All England is in the same boat; if anyone is to be thrown to the sea it cannot be the workers of the nation. Capitalism now has the chance to endure the discomforts of saving its beneficiaries from complete wreck.

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Nationalistic Liberalism

DURING the political controversies which preceded and accompanied the Great War a compound word of German origin played a great part in the battle of ideas which now seems to be almost competely forgotten—the word real-politik. Real-politik was the name which the publicists gave to the foreign policy of a state when it was supposed to be determined by the realities of national interest and power. Bismarck was the master of the art. Treitchke was its prophet. When a nation practiced real-politik its statesmen unscrupulously but circumspectly sought to promote its own interests as a political group irrespective of the interests of other groups or of international ideals. They had no compunctions about using war as an instrument of national expansion and they favored military preparedness, but they had no interest in wars which could not be advantageous to the victorious state. By means of successful wars Bismarck had founded the German Empire and bestowed the hegemony of Europe on the re-united German nation. By means of successful wars the Elder Statesmen of Japan had enabled their country to become the dominant power in the Far East. Such were the obvious examples of what real-politik at its best had accomplished. On the other hand examples of the undesirable opposite of real-politik would be the sentimental foreign policy of Napoleon III which used the French army to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy for the benefit of Italian national aggrandizement or the ineffectual humanitarian idealism and semi-pacifism of Gladstone.

It is instructive to compare and contrast the politics which is now played by European statesmen with the conception of real-politik which prevailed during the first decade of the present century. The statesmen who represent France, Great Britain, Germany and Italy at Locarno all belong to the parties which before the war more or less explicitly practiced real-politik. Austen Chamberlain is the son of his father. He represents those Englishmen who stand in politics above everything else for the interests of the British Empire. M. Briand does not take such an exclusive view of French national interests as M. Poincaré, but he is nothing if not an ardent and thorough-going French nationalist. The Prime Minister of the German Republic and his Foreign Secretary belong to the class in Germany which were the warmest supporters of the work and the politics of Bismarck. Yet these statesmen have assembled at Locarno with the consent of the parties which they represent to draw up an agreement which is based upon a conception of the requirements of the national interests of their several countries and of a real-politik which is sharply distinguished from those which their parties used to call by the same names. The nationalist statesmen of France, Germany and England, if they reach an agreement, will pledge their nations in their relations one to another to abandon war as an instrument of national policy; and having abandoned war they must, of course, abandon the conception of national interest which can only be promoted by war. They must substitute for the old policy of mutual defiance and challenge a policy of mutual accommodation and in the end of positive coöperation. The peoples of western Europe in Europe have from the point of view of real-politik become interdependent rather than antagonistic and exclusive political groups. The contradiction between nationalism and internationalism is disappearing.

Neither is it only in Europe that the parties, which previous to 1914 did not consider it possible or desirable to get rid of war or a national policy which involved war and costly military preparation, are ceasing to associate war with an intelligent projection of national interest. In the Far East Japan has at least for the time being relinquished a policy in China which, if pursued to the end, would have brought her into conflict with the Chinese people and the United States. In our country President Coolidge who is the chosen representative of the peculiarly national party and of the most aggressively and inflammably patriotic class in the country, is using his influence against an increase of military preparation and in favor of a mild American participation in the organization of peace. It is only against Africans, Asiatics and perhaps Russians that western Europeans and Americans still think of military preparedness and war as probably necessary for the accomplishment of what they consider to be necessary political objects. At the present rate of progress Europe (except Russia) and America will during the next ten years organize itself on the assumption that as a matter of national self-preservation responsible states must dispense with war. The aggressive nationalists are being converted to the ideas of the Norman Angell pacifists who have insisted that war does not pay.

It appears, consequently, that the people who harbored a true conception of the realities of international politics were not the Von Buelows, the Isvolskys, the Poincarés, the Robertses or the Leonard Woods but the so-called liberals. A liberal foreign policy had for its object the adjustment of the national interests of any one nation to that of its neighbors. Liberal statesmen did not propose the abandonment of military preparedness but they disliked it and did their best to keep it down. This tendency to avoid aggressive national egotism, bumptiousness and shining armor is now adopted by its former opponents. There are few political militarists left. Militarist propaganda is carried on by generals and admirals, who fill the chairs in war departments and navy departments, but who are no longer consulted with the former reverence by the civilian politicians. The powers which govern the modern state, viz., the business interests, have decided after their recent costly experience that they

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cannot afford to allow wars to take place between populous and wealthy nations. They dimly realize that another general war (and all wars among major nations will almost inevitably become general) would invite the destruction of the existing social order in Europe and clear the path for the victory of revolutionary communism. Capitalism can no longer afford to ally itself with an aggressive and exclusive nationalism and with a policy of power. It must try to recover the kinship with national and international reformism which was characteristic of its first phase in England.

This tendency towards a re-union between nationalism, political liberalism and capitalism does not, of course prevail throughout the whole of Europe. It is confined to those countries in which constitutional government still prevails. In Russia the communist régime is national, in so far as national prepossessions can be used for the benefit of revolutionary propaganda, but it is, of course, scrupulously illiberal and dogmatically anti-capitalist. It lives by virtue of warfare carried on against the upper and middle classes in Russia and against capitalist society, and its necessary weapons are the red army and the revolutionary idea. The Fascist government in Italy is an exception of another kind. It is proving to be an outlandish hodge-podge of capitalism, syndicalism, illegal violence, nationalism and illiberalism. Like the Russian government it lives by war. Yet like the Russian government also it is so poor and relatively so powerless that it cannot for the present actually fight. Fascism, however, unlike communism arouses a great deal of approval among the more romantic and bellicose business men and politicians of other countries. It is a violent anti-democratic retort to revolutionary socialism. Just as the shadow of communism hovers over capitalist Europe and threatens to swoop down upon society, if the leaders thereof permit their nations to drift into war, so Fascism looms up as the obvious alternative for industrialized communities which do not succeed by means of internal and international reforms in creating a sufficient feeling of mutual confidence among social classes.

The alliance between liberalism, capitalism and nationalism which finds expression at Locarno is much the most promising development in practical politics which has occurred since the business interests of the west of Europe tended during the last decade of the nineteenth century to break their early association with political liberalism. It has the incalculable advantage over Russian Communism and Italian Fascism of seeking social security and growth by an orderly democratic method of government rather than by a tyrannical distatorship, but this advantage, although conspicuous and enormous, is also precarious. In order to avoid the war which threatens to ruin social order, the nationalist politicians will not only have to negotiate security pacts, but bring about by international legislation those necessary alterations in international institutions which hitherto they have depended on war to accomplish. They will be obliged also to carry out equally necessary projects of social and industrial reform such as the re-organization of the coal industry in England. These liberal capitalist governments will find themselves constantly pressed to move faster than they like or know how both by the apparition of crises similar to that which the British coal miners recently precipitated and by the attacks of a militant body of organized labor. There is always a danger that a ruling class which is exasperated and excited by such challenges to its authority may seek an easy and emotionally satisfactory way out by some form of fascist dictatorship. If the experiment in capitalist and nationalist liberalism is to succeed, those who carry it on must practice an amount of forbearance, self-control, patience and flexibility which ruling classes have in the past so rarely been able to muster.

Yet doubtful as the result is, national liberalism has at all events a fighting chance of success. Whether it succeeds or not will depend chiefly upon the kind of support which it receives from the intelligence of the community. The governments which now provide political leadership for the German, French, British and American peoples are muddled coalitions whose several parts do not entirely trust one another and whose outlook lacks intellectual integrity. They are composed of conservative nationalists who are forced against their convictions and inclinations to adopt liberal policies as the best chance of preserving social order. They embody a compromise between conservatism and liberalism, between nationalism and internationalism and between order and progress which is not re-enforced as yet by any sufficient consciousness among its supporters of the justification in principle for such a scrapping of the old party lines and shibboleths. And indeed they cannot depend for success upon the kind of devotion to exclusive fighting principles to which its opponents must appeal. Its supporters will have to turn over to the communists, the fascists and the doctrinaires of all parties the job of vindicating some unimpeachable theory of how society is to be saved and human life ameliorated. It is their humbler but safer task to practice a law-abiding, tentative, experimental, democratic method of meeting the serious problems of their own times. If they are to hold to this course and to avoid the temptation under extreme provocation to sentimental and self-righteous violence, the societies which they govern will have to attach a higher value to experimentalism as a philosophy and a way of life than it does at present. For it will be trying out a procedure and a method rather than a theory, and it will have to impose on itself the humility, the scepticism, the caution, the watchfulness and the intellectual honesty which is required for the successful practice of an experimental method either for the advancement of science or for the government of social and individual life.

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Our Daily Bread

THE news that a giant baking consolidation is about to be formed, and that the Federal Trade Commission has issued a complaint against the activities of one of the companies concerned as in violation of the Clayton law, exhibiting a "tendency to monopoly," calls attention to the fact that we have entered a new era of big business. The great concerns which were founded twenty-five or more years ago throve chiefly in the primary industries producing commodities such as steel, oil, anthracite coal. There large-scale production first became profitable, there the markets were somewhat removed from the retail consumer. The national corporations now growing up are rather in the realm of distribution which supplies the daily needs of all the people, industries which we used to think essentially local and competitive. Bread, milk, tobacco, cheap dry goods and clothing, groceries, drugs and medicines—these are becoming associated less and less with the corner dealer, and more and more with houses like Ward, General Baking, International Milk Products, United Cigars, Woolworth, Kresge, Atlantic and Pacific, United Drug.

In the case of bread, the development of automatic machinery has, as in the basic industries, played its part. Processes which used to be carried on by manual labor, requiring both strength and skill, have been so mechanized that scarcely a hand touches the material from the flour barrel to the delivery wagon. This has numerous effects. It markedly reduces the number of workers per unit of output and so lowers labor cost. It requires large capital investment. It increases profit. And it standardizes the product. Accompanying this mechanical basis of the large plant has come its commercial basis through the growth of cities, the broadening of the area of delivery with the motor truck, the building up of trade names by advertising. This development facilitates the growth of big single plants.

The motive for the national concern may be found partly in the returns from standardized methods of efficient management, partly in the greater financial stability and resources of a company with many units which can connect with the national money market. You are a successful local baker with a good plant. A promoter comes to you and offers to buy you out with bonds and stock of a national organization. Your plant will thus be assured of sufficient capital at all times, it will receive the benefit of the experience of other bakers and of expert advice, it can employ the latest patented devices. It becomes a permanent institution fairly certain of good management, a sound asset to your family after you are gone. If you stay out you will have to fight the "trust." More than all this, however, the possibilities inherent in modern financial manipulation offer stupendous gains.

Take the General Baking Company, for instance. It was formed in 1911 by a consolidation of twenty independent bakers. It followed the successful precedent of the United States Steel Corporation by an immediate capitalization of expected profits. On its first balance sheet the total valuation of land, machinery and buildings was hardly more than the par value of its bonds. The preferred stock was at least half water, the common stock all water. Against this expansion of nominal capital there was set up among the assets a huge item of "good will." Over twelve millions of securities were issued to balance less than six millions of tangible property and nearly seven millions of good will. By the first of 1922 the company had made enough profits, not only to pay all annual interest and preferred dividends, but to place a market value of $150 per share on its common stock. It had done this while enlarging its depreciation charges in good years and thus concealing profits. It had added nearly three millions to its undivided surplus, and had so increased the value of its tangible assets that the good will factor was minimized. For the eleven years its average net profit—after paying interest, depreciation and income taxes—had been 7.1 percent on its total capital stock, while the percentage of profit on its tangible assets (net worth minus good will) had averaged 16.3 percent. All this time, of course, it had been extending its operations. Then it began the same process of capitalizing future profits all over again by a reorganization which doubled the number of shares. The new stock was distributed free to existing holders, and a corresponding write-up was made in the book value of its property. Still more stock dividends followed. What the organizers made through such operations may be left to the imagination.

Other large concerns mentioned in the new merger are the Ward Baking Company and the Continental Baking Corporation, both of which have been highly profitable. The latter, formed late in 1923, is itself a merger of three other large companies. It will have about 120 plants by the end of the year, and expects to do a business of over $100,000,000. The total value of all baking products was in 1923 $911,000,000, so that this company alone controls about one-tenth of the output.

Great distributing concerns in other lines of retail business have not all enjoyed the advantage of new automatic machinery, nor have they all engaged in mergers or stock issues for speculative gains. All, however, have made large profits and have grown rapidly. Retail distribution is a realm cluttered with economic waste, and intelligently managed large-scale operations can eliminate much of it. In addition to the means of doing so mentioned earlier, one of the most important is control of the supply market. A concern with a wide outlet for goods can through its large orders demand special price concessions, it can by stabilizing the producer's market cut down his overhead wastes. It can, with its large resources, foresee and take advantage of

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price fluctuations. In some cases distributing concerns have actually acquired factories which supply them, thus substituting efficient intra-corporate management for the confusion of bargaining and salesmanship. The bakeries are acquiring flour mills, sugar refineries, dairies, etc., and thus promise to become "vertical trusts." How important this tendency may be is apparent when we consider that the bakeries of the country in a single year use over one-quarter of the wheat flour produced, almost all the rye flour, about 700,000,000 pounds of sugar, 3,000,000 cases of eggs, and immense quantities of butter, lard, milk, fruit, nuts, chocolate, cocoa and yeast.

What is the public problem involved in this phenomenon? Is it the growth of "monopoly" in the strict sense of the term? Can the government prevent the development of such concerns, either legally or in fact, by prohibition of monopoly? Can we force a return to the dominance of the small independent baker, grocer, druggist? Would the public benefit if we could?

It is obvious that the big distributing corporations have not won their way so far chiefly through unfair competition or monopolistic control of markets, supplies and credit, but rather by the intrinsic advantages of size. After the baking "trust" is completed it will hardly force all its competitors out of business, and even then it would face the potential competition of the housewife's oven. Furthermore, it is to be doubted whether complete monopoly for the sake of price control is the aim of any of these companies. The situation is more complex than one involving a choice between absolute monopoly and absolute competition, and one more difficult to command.

Modern industrial methods enable the big company to reduce costs. This reduction makes possible two results—lowering of retail prices, increase of profits. It is not primarily the aim of the business corporation to reduce prices. It often sells just enough cheaper than its small competitors to enlarge its business, but not enough cheaper to eliminate all competitors. As long as the "marginal" concerns keep up the general retail price level it can retain the lion's share of the benefits of its economies and so amass profits. The end of this process may turn out to be virtually complete monopoly, but monopoly is not necessary to render it highly profitable. How can the public get a fair share in the economies which have been made? Not by forbidding monopoly, first because there is no monopoly, and second because a splitting up of the large company would destroy the economies. To get anywhere we must turn away from the old trust-busting tradition toward profits taxation, or price regulation, or public ownership, or consumer ownership.

The social problems involved in the growth of the great corporation likewise cannot be solved by unscrambling it into independent proprietors. Some other way must be found to restore to the masses the advantages and satisfactions which they have enjoyed in more primitive societies. Here we bite into the labor problem, the fight of unionism against great employers, the development of truly scientific management, the building up of coöperative administration. All these subjects are familiar to our readers. We merely wish to point out that the attack of the anti-trust laws and of the Federal Trade Commission on such a problem is a futile one, and that to become excited over this attack is worse than futile. When you are denouncing trusts too vehemently you haven't time to find out what trusts really do to you and what you can do with them.

Sentenced to Soapbox

THERE are going to be plenty more Károlyi and Saklatvala cases. We may as well make up our minds to that. The particular degree of anxiety for themselves, or zeal to please others, will change with the particular old gentlemen at the head of the State department, but the phenomenon will continue. Or rather, there will continue, in the caverns of the department, regardless of personalities, an almost protoplasmic urge to shut people up. If this tendency were more generally applied, we might begin to sympathize with it. It is true that most people who talk ought to be shut up. And much could be said for a policy which forbade all foreigners to say anything whatever once they had passed Ellis Island. Always provided that some corresponding restraint were imposed on the natives as well. By far the best agency to accomplish both these ends would of course be the State department itself, of whom at any time almost anything can be asked with the certainty that there will be no answer. But what chiefly commands our disrespect for the department is its utter incompetence to attain its own purpose, when that purpose is silence in others. However much we might hate it, we could respect a great he-man-eating State department which would decide to suppress Count or Communist and then proceed to do so, behind bars, rag-gag or dungeon. Our Americanism would rise in fury at such imperially brutal methods, but something else in us not altogether un-American would admire a muscular and courageous disregard of tradition. As it is, our palæo-Americanism and our neo-Americanism unite to jeer at the department as unchivalrous, undemocratic, subservient, cowardly, pompous, old-maidish, asinine, infantile, and, above all else, unsuccessful. Profoundly unsuccessful. The fact that their suppression gained for Károlyi and Saklatvala a far greater audience than they could have won for themselves without official aid is such a commonplace that we will not dwell on it. We will not rub its own laughable failure further into the skin of the department. We will instead turn around and give it some good advice, which has not the slightest

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chance of being accepted, or we should not be offering it.

We Americans will not stand for suppression (up to a certain point) whether by strong-arm or weak-sister methods, because it strikes us as unfair. But we will stand for almost any amount of ridicule, no matter how unfair, particularly when it is exercised at the expense of foreigners, or of similarly ignorant, defenseless and therefore worthless people. And, once we can be made to laugh at someone, we are no longer afraid. The principle, true of dogs and small children, that fear is catching, and not usually an original idea, applies to grown-up Americans as well. If the State department says "boo!" and shivers unsmilingly behind its closed doors, we are infected, become frightened ourselves, and are ready to pick up the nearest stone to throw at the farthest sheep. The reverse is also true. If the department shows it is unafraid, we will smile with it, and reach out our hand and pat the animal, sure that it is only a sheep in wolf's coat and pants. But if the department goes further, and laughs, and gives others cause to laugh, we'll laugh too, and not be afraid of the ghost of Lenin himself.

Another principle apparently unknown in Washington is that "reds" (or agitators), like the rest of mankind, can be divided into the safe and unsafe, the stupid and intelligent, the boring and the interesting, the windbags and the men of good conversation. Acting in this newly acquired knowledge, let the State department, after surveying the foreign propagandists of dubious or carmine hue most likely to come here, pick out the windiest and dreariest specimens of the lot, secretly forward their passage, facilitate their entrance, buy them a soapbox, and in devious ways encourage their appearance upon as many platforms as possible.

There is a story (it may be legendary) that once upon a time, somewhere in the history of this country, there was a general of ours whose delicate (but really not very difficult) job it was to subjugate some newly acquired U. S. territory. A certain vociferous patriot annoyed him by stirring up local (or perhaps it was national) feeling against the usurpers. The general caught him, but instead of hanging him or locking him up, sentenced him to speak for one hour every day at noon in the public square. An hour is a long time, and noon is a crowded hour. It is of record that the patriot's prestige and dignity never recovered from this blow.

In all probability we would have been on the side of the islanders against the ursurping general. But we must admit that his action would have been disarming, and that it would have taken some of the fizz out of our championship of the locals. The State department could do a great deal of damage to our chronic attitude towards its chronic deficiencies (chiefly in humor) by handling the red speakers as the general handled the patriot. But the right red speaker must be chosen. And that is why we are not afraid that the State department could put our advice into effect even if it wanted to. We doubt very much if the department knows the difference between a red speaker and a loud speaker. It might let in some radical silver-tongue instead of a carbon-monoxide artist. But if the department were at all clever, it could easily arrange to import the world's champion mixer of Marxian polysyllables.

And here comes in a third great principle of human nature: that there is hardly any cause so sacred that the average man cannot be bored out of believing in it. This opens the field for a new kind of agent provocateur: the hot air specialist who can induce sleep at ten yards in ten minutes and hires out to drive followers from any banner by speaking, not against it, but in its behalf. We suggest to the State department that a kennel of such experts maintained in the cellar of its own beautiful building would go far toward making life easier for those of its regular inmates whose job has heretofore been the propagation of noxious ideas by means of the suppression of their exponents.

Either of these suggestions would, of course, involve a certain amount of expense. It would be expensive, though well worth the trouble, to keep a consular agent running over Europe and attending meetings of minority parties with a view to securing the worst speaker for a free ride to America. It would be expensive, once the secret choice had fastened upon Comrade Bubnov of the thirty-third degree international, to advertise his speeches so thoroughly that enough people would come and be bored by them to make his trip worth while. And a stable of hired wind-jammers in the department cellar would eat up a nice fraction of the French debt. Free soapboxes presented to each possibly undesirable vocalist upon landing would run into quite a lot of money. Yet something ought to be done. Too much dignity is at stake, in a place where dignity hurts most when it is kicked. The Károlyi and Saklatvala incidents were severe kicks. But there is a cheaper solution, cheaper because it requires only one man, possessed of enough of that rare human attribute which goes such a long way.

What the State department needs is somebody with a sense of humor. Oh, almost anybody with almost any damn kind of a sense of humor.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1925, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, SECRETARY AND PUBLISHER, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

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Intelligence in Our Time

THE peculiar feature of our discussion-club, The Seven Lamps, is that it is governed by martial law. It was the idea of our founder or proposer and we insisted on his becoming chairman to administer it. His qualification is a keen interest in the success of each discussion—in its somehow "making port." He has kept his arbitrary power because he has kept a single eye to "the point." We are a hardy team and chaff each other with all the freedom of a confidence based on mutual knowledge. Interruptions to the paper are a tradition; they are indulged just so long as they advance the subject, and checked the moment they wander. Besides the monthly meetings in winter we visit him on Lake George by a now established custom for a day and night at midsummer, and this year were in the familiar arbor by the water's edge when Richard Davidge himself, whose turn it was, began his paper, Intelligence In Our Time. The Club voted that the paper should be published *with* the informal discussion, if it could be managed, so as secretary I add the latter as best I can from my jottings and memory, with assistance from Mr. Davidge, and confide to the reader the whole situation.

Davidge—The general state of intelligence in our time is of the strangest. It is richly and splendidly equipped and it is tragically unsuccessful—unsuccessful, that is, in the conduct of life, both personal and social. And comically unsuccessful. Never was it so royally provided with means and accessories. Books, journals, thinkers, theories, investigators, instrumentalities for research, universities and institutes, learned societies, commissions and committees, experts and shrewd advisers, that prompting in the mind of man or of a portion of men that keeps it eagerly active and ceaselessly giving forth its products, these we see on every hand. The crop of ideas is prodigious. Looked at as a mere scene of activity the market-place of intelligence is thronged, full of miscellaneous traffic and bustling energy. Evidently it is not resources that are wanted.

The Lawyer—You say intelligence but you seem to mean intellect.

Davidge—I mean the whole thing. Intellect is an extension of intelligence. I mean intelligent thinking and perceiving, or what aims to be such.

The unsuccess is less obvious but equally certain. You may test it, broadly speaking, by the troubles of the world. Keep motives just as they are—the fundamental motives—but give intelligence, show people *how,* and you will have banished a vast bulk of their troubles. The unsuccess is not so obvious simply because we are not accustomed to keep tracing troubles to the mind, to keep holding it responsible for the fruits of its mistakes. One of the foremost failures of human intelligence is not to remember its own importance, the part it plays in events, the infamous waste and cruel suffering that its miscarriage is constantly producing.

The Clergyman—One moment, Davidge. I want to be sure I understand what sort of thing you have in mind. Do you mean that if, for instance, we had sense enough to secure international peace we should prevent vast unhappiness?

Davidge—Yes. But what children of our age we are—of our generation! When somebody speaks of managing human affairs better, and we sweep the horizon to find what he can be referring to, we think he must mean some topic of newspapers and public meetings. We are looking through publicists' field-glasses and the bêtises of ordinary life are too near to be seen. I refer quite equally to our sagacious and provident management of our personal health—exercise, fresh air, food-selection, etc.—with its successful avoidance of illness, breakdowns, interruptions to work, impairment of work! Look at the immense part that premature breakdown or death have played in recent history—as in all history—Parnell, Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Wilson. I refer to the victorious way in which long ago we set the medical institutes to solve (let us say) the simple problem of colds in the head. I mean our easy devices and habits, so uniformly taught, by which we keep the mouth in a sanitary condition, prevent a part of ourselves from decaying before death, and avoid the grinding, rasping, tearing, drilling, hammering that seem to invade the very sanctuary of our being, and are the regular means or sequel of the dentist's excavations in our person, including his destruction of sound tissue to make a setting for the metals, etc., that he substitutes. I refer to the truly resolute investigation and mastery of the conditions of health in children. I refer (to drop irony) to the fact that of all the businesses that are launched some ninety or ninety-five percent are reported to fail. If you will have a public instance, take the conduct of the War by the Allied governments as described by Lloyd George in his Paris luncheon speech, undeniably true, of Nov. 12, 1917. These are but the feeble beginnings of illustration.

The Engineer—Davidge, beware of your tone. You are becoming a critic and a muck-raker.

Davidge—Avoiding adverse criticism is more important than preventing misery, is it? That's intelligence in our time. I have a choice selection coming, reserved for you.

If now we try to describe in one word the condition of the intellectual world touching the concerns of life we must say *confusion*—the confusion of tongues and of wits. A wealth of ideas—yes, but they

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clash, they contradict each other. And they are not brought to a conclusive test. They are "matters of opinion." We believe more or less impulsively on impressionistic evidence. We are accustomed and more or less content to live in a world of half-verified conceptions. A sea of loose and floating ideas, more of them produced daily, and no clearly recognized way of deciding, to the coercion of all trained minds, which is right! So true is this that the reader when he sees the last words will be inclined to set down as a flighty dreamer anyone who fancies that they could be brought to such a test. On the most important subjects opinions differ—of course! This is the assumption of our time. It is the root of the trouble. The disease of intelligence in our time is *its lack of confidence in itself*—that is, in its own standards and its own competence to reach fact, decide questions and attain ends if it faithfully observes those standards.

The Clergyman—But why lack of confidence? Why not say lack of power? We haven't enough intelligence, that's the trouble.

Davidge—Is there any lack of power—any that signifies here? People's intelligence sees or could be brought to see that their guesses can be verified in certain plain ways, and they don't verify them. The "well-educated" world is familiar from youth with certain cautions, and does not heed them. "Hear the other side," or "Don't make up your mind on ex parte evidence." "Feelings have nothing to do with it" (in a question of fact). "Be sure there is no other theory that will explain the facts." These are a few of them. I mean, force intelligence to wake up, turn it fully upon the point and it sees that there are ways of making sure. To the chastened mind some problems that have appeared confused and muddy become as clear as that marvellous water (in which one can see the bottom in certain lights at thirty feet). When people go wrong in reasoning they mostly do so in obvious ways, by violating obvious rules. The great power amongst us is public opinion—contempt and ridicule—and there is no force of public opinion behind these rules. The elements of safe method are there, recognized in a sense, bowed to for a moment when invoked, but mostly forgotten. Legislatures, committees, commissions, councils and plannings in private life—committees!—ye gods, what forgetfulness of the elementary, what oblivion of the essential function for which the committee exists! An oblivion so complete that these strictures would appear to the culprits grossly unjust. How it is all covered over with courtesy, custom, good humor and charming ways! And the reformer, the liberal, the socialist does not in general remember his a b c a whit better than the conservative. What I say is, intelligence has its standards but does not enforce them, lacks confidence in itself. It has not the courage of its cogencies. It is not want of power, it is want of morale.

The Engineer—Davidge, I really think there's some fallacy under what you say. There's a kind of formalism, as if obeying rules would do everything. I suspect you of being a pedant at heart. Intelligence is really intuition. Here's a case. My men tell me that when we went into the War a certain heavy gun was requisitioned from a certain Atlantic fort to be sent to France. The proper officer reported that the gun would be sent but that it would take three months to ship it, for no motor-truck would carry such a gun and the roadway down to the harbor would not support it; a new road must be constructed and a special truck ordered. An engineer enlisted from civil life was sent down to see. He had the gun shipped in *three days*. He used several trucks, fastened them together, removed the sides, and operated their motors concurrently. He made the road firm by laying lumber on it. When the truck had moved a short distance he had the lumber carried forward from behind, made a strong roadway with it again, and again the truck advanced. Thus he carried his road with him as he went. Now there's intelligence. But it was not rules or "tests." It was intuition. The man had more cleverness, more varied experience, as well as more push and will.

Davidge—You couldn't hand me a better case. More push and will—that's what I say intelligence needs in our time. As to rules, your engineer is the personification of a rule: look all round your field before you come to a conclusion. It is the Principle of Circumspection—which, you'll remember, is Latin for looking all round. Don't give up till you have really looked over all possible means. Of course intuition can never all be written into rules. It often goes by tokens too fine to be stated. But rules must exist because "intuition" blunders. Intelligence finds tests of whether our "intuition" is true or not; it makes rules that bid us meet the tests. Each rule warns us, "Just so far as you fall below this standard of care you fall below safety." The rule of circumspection is the most liberating of all rules, it is a rule against narrow rules, it gives the mind a technique for being original. Look all round. You don't know this lake till you've been above it in an airplane and seen its shape and absolutely new colors in it.

The Professor—This want of confidence that you say is the root of the trouble—what is the cause of it? Why doesn't the mind assert itself through its own insight and the enormous energy it has in one quarter or another, which you recognized at the beginning, and break through our slack customs of thought?

Davidge—The reason is simple. It lies in the want of encouraging precedent—the want of telling demonstration on a large scale that intelligence, exercised on the conduct of life, can prove its point and dominate. To gain confidence it must be flushed with victory. But it must have victory as intelligence, set over against unintelligence and accident. It needs to become recognizable as such to itself and

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to the world. We have light in the modern world but it is mingled with darkness. We must take what, you remember, was the second step out of chaos, to "divide the light from the darkness." Intelligence can know itself as such only by recognizing tests and meeting them. We must know clearly and connectedly what the tests are that we ought to use to show whether an idea is wise or not. The elements of sound method are there, each one detached and floating and occasionally effective, but the whole is not.

The Lawyer—We have logic, haven't we?

Davidge—We have no logic of the conduct of life. We have no logic of means and ends. We have a logic for verifying hypotheses as to fact, but it is very incomplete.

The Professor—But let me put my "why" again. Why haven't we a sound method and a victory thereby—especially if all the elements are there? Why has the road never been run through, so to speak?

Davidge—For the reason why roads are not run through in other cases—*the lack of social demand.*

The Clergyman—But if the fate of society and each person is at stake why is there so little demand?

Davidge—Ah! There you bring me back to my paper. Let me get on.

This lack of confidence has its sources in one of the profoundest characteristics of society, what may be called the Tradition of Passivity. Society would long ago have demanded that intelligence should rouse itself, use its muscles to the full, make proper tools of thought and keep them clean and sharp, had it ever really occurred to society that it could shape its own fate. Progress, as we now know, is a modern idea. More especially, the idea of a progress that society itself will deliberately bring about is a very modern idea and has not sunk deep. Men looked forward in some quarters and in various forms to "a good time coming" but it was to be vouchsafed by the gods, or by a good king happily to be born, or it was to be part of fate; it was not to be secured by the contriving forethought of society itself. Society was to be passive in its good as it had been in its evil fortune. The individual has stood in the presence of two great intractables, nature and society. Broadly speaking, he has looked at the vicissitudes of human lot as he has looked at the weather. And this mood still essentially reigns.

The consequence of this tradition of passivity is a tacit assumption, too automatic in us to be so much as noticed, of *the comparative unimportance, for practical purposes, of thinking aright.* And this assumption is stamped deeply, to give examples, (1) on our social tastes and proprieties (2) on our social organization and (3) on our social conscience. In each case the causes are complex, but it is the tradition of passivity that permits the phenomena to continue; and the phenomena in turn confirm and strengthen the tradition. In each case something appears as more important than intelligence, something else has the right of way. In each case intelligence appears as not entitled to control, and hence vaguely loses faith in its own standards.

(1) As to social taste. Our faith in intelligence is weakened, intelligence itself is demoralized, because its work, its quest for fact and certainty, is liable to be interrupted at any moment, peremptorily checked and "put in its place" in deference to social standards of fitness. I take examples almost at random. You must not use certain valid forms of argument in the House of Commons because that is not "in accord with the tone of the House." You must not expose abuses because that is "muck-raking," which, "just as a matter of taste," is a poor business. You must not take steps to bring before the members of a board in print or type the record and qualities of a candidate for most responsible office whom you have nominated, because that is "pushing your candidate too much." Too much for what? For "good taste"; not too much for the lives that are to be for many years under the sway of the elected man. If you are presenting the report of a committee to a governing body (some bodies at least) you must not argue too carefully the importance of adopting the committee's recommendations, else the meeting will be disposed to reject them because (again) you are "pushing your measures too much." In other words, the question of your taste and manner today is to outweigh that of the welfare of the multitudes and decades that are being legislated for; and the ground on which their welfare is disregarded is that you are so conscientiously giving reasons to prove that certain steps will promote it.

Again there is the terrible category of the ridiculous; when argument has failed, you can say "You will make yourselves a laughing-stock if you do that," or "It proves he has no sense of humor." You must not subject fallacious arguments or books to a close, extended examination, for destructive criticism is an unedifying and unwinsome thing. You must avoid the obvious, lest you should be laughed at for pointing to the neglected core of your subject. You must think unfavorably of Roosevelt's presidency because it was "a cowboy administration" or of Wilson's because he was "a schoolmaster" though the points are not indicated in which the imputed quality prevented his promoting the public good. You must not by oral question or letter try too hard to verify a statement or understand an argument, for that is "naive" or "young," an artless enthusiasm that provokes a smile.

Now obviously the objection to an act on the score of taste may be valid and final. But the objector has the responsibility of showing that the point of taste is more important than the results to be secured by the act. The peculiarity of all these objections is that they summarily interpose to prevent the act, without considering the results at stake

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at all. They give sentence by an irresponsible authority.

Intelligence is thus at the mercy of social tastes and distastes that arbitrarily cross its path at any moment and assume the right to estop its progress. This is a pervasive element of imbecility in the workings of cultivated minds today. By its tyrannous intervention intelligence is dazed and subdued, and it does not know whether to trust itself or not.

(2) As to social organization. The first fact here to be considered is the separation of thought and action. It is a familiar subject of lament that the President and Congress, for instance, so often have not at hand to guide them, or do not use, the best expert thought and information. On the other hand the most thorough thinkers on the same subjects are often accused of being "academic"; that is, it is charged that their thought is impaired by their separation from the field of action, by their being obliged to think in the void.

Now this separation leaves us with the deep impression that the most thoughtful views will not and perhaps should not be carried into effect; that those which are carried into effect have not, and perhaps would not gain by having, the most deliberate thought behind them; that for some dim reason the completest effort of intelligence is not entitled to control. Thus intelligence loses weight and authority in our eyes. It also loses the most circumspect care for the accuracy of its processes.

(3) As to the social conscience. Here we have come to the fundamental symptom of the tradition of passivity. The social conscience does not regard careful thinking as a duty, nor careless thinking as a sin. It does not put the immense forces of moral condemnation and esteem behind the standards of intelligence. We value these standards in a manner and in a degree—so far as we know them—but not with a moral emphasis. That is because our morality does not see its own aim and reason for existing, the production of welfare in all its kinds, and that we can accomplish this aim only through the use of our wits. Intelligence appears once more as not entitled to control, and thus vaguely loses faith in its own standards.

There was a long pause when Davidge concluded. Then the Engineer said, "Well, I for one can't see my way to accept your essential conclusion until you show us that such a method as you suggest is possible; in other words, until you give it to us."

Davidge: "That's a thankless task. We know it 'in our bones' already. It would only be putting together obvious elements in an obvious way. That is all that can be done for a beginning."

"Very well," said the Engineer. "Obvious or not—it doesn't matter. I will accept your paper when I see you do it."

"I'll try," said Davidge.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

The Voter Resigns

THE resignation of the American electorate dates back to the middle of the nineties. Only a portion of the eligible voters in this country had given up the careful consideration of election day choices prior to that time. In the fifties and sixties there were valiant election day battles over the slavery controversy. The formation of the Republican party and the ruthless methods that it employed to maintain itself in power during the reconstruction period challenged the fighting spirit of the voters in all parts of the country.

At the end of the reconstruction period the two major parties in this country were very evenly balanced. A switch of a few votes from one of the two great parties to the other in one of the doubtful states would turn the election. Cleveland polled more votes in 1888 than Harrison, but he lost the presidency because the technical rules of the game counted him out in the electoral college. In none of the presidential elections that came in the period from 1876 to 1896, did the combined vote of the losing parties fall below 50 percent of the total vote cast. Those were the days of heated party contests, when the interest of the voters was kept at a high pitch. In 1896, the voters in all parts of the country were stirred by the dramatic battle which Bryan waged with the Republican party managers, but a majority of them sold out their suffrage rights about the time of this election. The tendency of the Democrats in the Solid South to neglect national elections became more marked and the great bulk of the northern voters resigned their positions as the selectors of the official personnel of their governments in favor of the Republican party managers.

Did the northern voters really resign their jobs with the election of 1896? Did not many of them throw over the traditional party traces in the elections of 1912 and 1916 and resume once more the exercise of their sovereign rights? It is true that a large proportion of them were moved by the challenge that Wilson presented in his second presidential campaign, but the elections of 1920 and 1924 have demonstrated that the 1916 election left no permanent impress upon their habits. With the exception of the eight-year period of Democratic control that resulted from divided Republican counsels, an overwhelming majority of the voters in the most populous sections of the United States have endorsed Republican candidates and Republican policies ever since 1896. The voters of the United States have literally resigned their jobs.

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Messrs. Schlesinger and Erikson have demonstrated by a careful analysis that there has been an increasing tendency on the part of the voters in this country to absent themselves on election day. This tendency has been especially marked since 1896. A sufficient number of the voters in this country have such implicit faith in the ability of the old line party managers to run their political affairs that they have ceased to entertain the thought of alternatives.

An analysis of the presidential elections of 1920 and 1924 shows that in those states where the party majorities are the largest the number of non-voters is the greatest. Thus, in the state of Pennsylvania, two-thirds of the national electors vote a straight Republican ticket and less than one-half of the eligible voters come out at presidential elections. In a state like Indiana where the Republican party polled under 55 percent of the total vote, three-quarters of the eligible electors came to the polls in 1920 and 1924. The adult citizens of the Solid South were among the first to resign their duties as electors. They did so shortly before 1896, when it became clear that the Democratic party managers could assure the supremacy of the white aristocracy in their territory. The Democratic voters of the cotton belt are more completely resigned to their fate than are the Republican voters of the coal and oil regions. In South Carolina, 98 percent of the citizens that came to the polls in 1924 were Democrats, and 94 percent of the eligible voters stayed at home on the November election day. The voters and the non-voters in this state evidently have implicit faith in the justice of existing political arrangements. The Republican managers in the North undoubtedly hope that the influence of their continued electoral successes will build up a similar childlike faith among their constituents. While the northern managers have sufficient funds to get out their voting automatons on election day, it is nevertheless much to their advantage to be able to devote these funds to other purposes.

What can be done about this wholesale submission on the part of the American electorate to the tender mercies of the party managers? If I were a party manager, I would suggest a new method of voting. Let the votes of those who are satisfied with existing political arrangements be automatically counted. On election day only those who had changed their views or those who were voting for the first time would have to come to the polls. A careful official canvass of the traditional voters would be the only check necessary upon their attitudes. This system would save both the voters and those who customarily urge the voters to exercise the franchise much time and trouble. Those who were dissatisfied with the present régime could come to the polls and vote if they wished. This arrangement ought to satisfy the kickers. Of course, it would be hard for the bolters to make any impression upon the great mass of traditional voters, but conditions would be no worse than they are today.

For those who are not party managers, the present outlook is less encouraging. In times of prosperity, the voters are not looking for changes. LaFollette had no argument against the rising price of wheat. The advent of the twentieth century marked a period of unprecedented prosperity in this country. By an act of fate, the managers of the Republican party were able to convince the great body of voters in the industrial regions that the success of their party was tied up with the prosperity of the country. They did not furnish the natural resources, but somehow they helped to exploit them! The symbol of the full dinner pail is an alluring one and it seemed to work as well in 1924 as it did in 1896. The progressives have two hopes. One is that the Republican leaders will again quarrel among themselves as they did during the eight years following 1910, and the other is that there will develop in this country a political combination of farmers and workers based upon a rational calculation of interests. The Progressive vote in 1924 did not come up to the expectations of many of those who backed the movement, but LaFollette received a larger percentage of the popular vote than any other minor party candidate since 1860 with the exception of Roosevelt in 1912. LaFollette did not have any George W. Perkins to act as his Moses. A limited study which I have made of the influence of a non-partisan mail canvass to get out the vote in certain selected areas of Chicago, indicates that if LaFollette had had money and an elaborate party organization, his vote would have been much larger. As it was, in the states where LaFollette made his best showing, between 60 and 70 percent of the eligible voters came to the polls a year ago. The figures compiled by the get-out-the-vote committee of the National Association of Manufacturers indicate that in practically all of these very states there was an increased voting interest shown at the polls over the performance of 1920. The resignation of the American electorate is not quite complete.

HAROLD F. GOSNELL.

Harvesters

There will be nothing—not the light dust stirred
Into the semblance of their wistful feet;
No rumorous tale the dawn wind overheard
Of shapes that moved among dim sheaves of wheat—
There will be nothing, when the husbandmen
Return, to hint of such as come to keep
Tryst with old dreams in summer fields again,
Remembering harvests that were theirs to reap.

And they who till these acres have no way
Of knowing how precarious and frail
Is tenure that at any twilight may
Revert to ghostly claimants, by entail;
Nor how, at harvest-time, these take a yield,
Weightless as dream, from field on darkened field.

MARGARET PERKINS BRIGGS.

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The New Musical Mountebankery

ORCHESTRAL conducting would seem to have attained to the prestige of a national sport. But the game is in need of rules. There is no means at present of yanking Koussevitsky after one inning of Schubert's Unfinished or of putting him in the box to lead a Brandenburg Concerto when Sebastian Bach, that seasoned batsman, is about to knock a homer off Bodansky. There is no regulation stating the maximum number of players allowed to take part in a Mozart symphony or the maximum number of performances any work may receive in one season, and there is no umpire at all. The grandstands are filled with ladies who easily mistake the gesture for the deed and who applaud chiefly their private thrills, while the press-box is occupied by busy gentlemen who, torn between their own sportsmanship and the ladies' applause, can never decide whether the performance should be analyzed as a match, reported as news, or disputed about as if it were a work of art.

Art, of course, is held in high superstition among us. It is the unknown god to whom every town and hamlet rears a temple. With such a faith, one need not be surprised that critics sometimes seek it in the concert hall. Mr. Downes of the New York Times and Mr. Taylor of the World grow quite regularly lyrical for the Sunday edition over the thrill that comes once in a lifetime when a new piece is played in their city. They avow that the search for such is the only real delight their profession affords them.

Such pious protestation need not be held against sincerity. Art is all right as an ideal, but these sound critics know that they must not neglect a national sport for it. In January last, such a triumph of works over faith occurred when the New York Symphony offered, all at one performance, the only New York appearance of a French woman famous for her skill in the rare art of playing the organ with orchestras, the first local hearing of a modern piece long celebrated in Paris, and the only local hearing of a brand new symphony by an unknown American. Messrs. Downes and Taylor were probably tempted. But they stuck to the conductor's press-box. They went to Furtwängler's second concert and heard him conduct Brahms.

Leopold Stokowski is the Babe Ruth of the orchestral world. Or perhaps, to relinquish the athletic comparison for an æsthetic one, the Jackie Coogan. This Apollo with the golden curls is a spoiled, pretty child to whom anything is allowed. He can play soldier with his men and drill them till the music has exactly as much expression as a military parade. He can play at being grown-up, and mimic, molto espressivo, all the gestures of true love. He brings clowns to the stage at a children's concert to imitate Charlie Chaplin. Of late he has taken to making speeches reproving his elders for their manners. And the proud, sweet mammas of Philadelphia (glowing perhaps with something more than pride) smile to themselves and sigh not utterly in vain, "Isn't he too adorable?" The newspapers report that he has a trainer named Bill Morris to rub him down after every performance and that he wears reading-glasses at rehearsals. When he figures in a divorce case, he is news of the very first class, like Henry Ford's vacations and the Prince of Wales's hats.

The first requirement in conducting is a figure. The second is interpretative ability. The successful leader must depict in his own person at least the spirit of the pieces played. Josef Stransky, an admittedly incompetent leader, delighted the ladies of the Philharmonic for seven years by putting symphonies to gesture, quite regardless of sound or rhythm. Van Hoogstraten, on the other hand, in spite of performances which are quite satisfactory to the ear, has alienated a large part of his public because his jumping-jack motions are not thought to accord always in feeling with the music that they accompany. And yet I wonder if interpretative dancing is profitable in the long run. Of all New York's conductors, only Walter Damrosch has kept his job season after season, in spite of an impersonal demeanor, and in spite of having conducted varied programs with a dignified and sympathetic objectivity.

Personality plus, however, has its advantages, even musically. There are usually two or three pieces or composers that each leader can play very well. If an efficient management, instead of stuffing our pockets full of season tickets, would hire the proper conductor for each piece or program, "cast" them for their parts, as they do actresses, and then open the box-office to the general public, we could go to hear music we like conducted by a leader who also likes it, and we could avoid the rest.

Tentatively, I should suggest this cast:

Beethoven and Bach.....Serge Koussevitzky
Mahler and Liszt.....Willem Mengelberg
Tchaikovski and Schumann.....Leopold Stokowski
Brahms ..... Wilhelm Furtwängler
Mozart and the classical style.....Arturo Toscanini
Accompaniments to concertos.....Arthur Bodansky
(L. Stokowski, assistant)
Berlioz, Wagner, and Rimsky-Korsakov.....
.....Anybody at all
French and all other music written since 1900....
.....Pierre Monteux

Many important composers and worthy leaders have been omitted. We should probably have to import somebody to play Schubert, just as we should have to re-import Monteux to play Stravinsky and

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Debussy and our own new pieces. Mr. Damrosch and the very able Mr. Stock of Chicago have been omitted, too, because they are, after all, occupied simply with the art of performing orchestral music and have no place in a list of professional virtuosi.

Not that their performances are more musical than others. They are often less so and they are almost always less exciting. I only mean that they are animated by a different spirit. Their purpose is to exhibit pieces in as clear a light as possible. Mr. Stokowski, on the other hand, panting in a frock-coat over the love-music from Tristan, is giving his own show, just as if the director of the Louvre were to exhibit himself to visitors, posed and breathing through his nostrils, before a Rubens Venus.

My suggestion about casting simply means the establishment of a star-system at Carnegie Hall not unlike the one now operating on Broadway. The repertory conducted would probably survive for a few years in the provinces, to be replaced later by gramophone records of the great and visits from traveling organizations. Evidence is not lacking that such a development is already in progress. There is even a counter-reformation in the form of a Little Orchestra movement flourishing profitably in places like Kansas City and Los Angeles.

Now there is virtue in the star-system as long as the star's name is an assurance of merit, like Chaliapin's. When it is only the guarantee-label for sure-fire mannerisms, like Mary Pickford's, it means that the art has acquired a vice. The theatre has by that means reached such a stage of decay (or is it transmutation?) that the art of the drama is not spoken of seriously anywhere except among professors, women's clubs, and college æsthetes; and even they are learning from the metropolitan critics that Al Jolson is more fun than the Manchester playwrights and that Lillian Gish is the great American Something-or-Other.

There is no use fighting progress, even the progress of disorder. And the newer critics all aver that the nonsense arts are more vital or more profound or something than the old arts which had forms and intellectual conventions. Certainly that is true just now as regards the stage. If public acclaim means anything, it is true in the concert-hall. Conducting is not really a professional sport, as I pretended above. It is a popular nonsense art. Whether carried out in the New York, Philadelphia, or Boston style, it is a sort of Russian pas seul in which the military decorum of a Viennese Orchesterdirigent is toned up with as much of the Italian bandmaster as the audience will stand.

And the audience will stand a good deal.

Composers come to us to lead their own works—Strauss, d'Indy, Stravinsky. Their renditions are too impersonal for our taste. We call them tame. Lotsa pep! That's what we want! Straight music is all right for the provinces or for backward civilizations like Munich and Paris. But not for an up-to-date artistic community like New York City. We have Orchestral Conducting.

We have, indeed! Along with jazz, it is America's contribution (with foreign stars, of course, but we provide the public) to modern music. It is the eighth Lively Art.

VIRGIL THOMSON.

Washington Notes

EVEN at this distance from the event, when you bring up the subject of the recent French debt negotiations with certain members of the American Commission there comes into their eyes a curious hurt and wistful look. While not under attack from any quarter they still appear definitely on the defensive, uneasily aware that their part in the proceedings was not of the kind to make them glow with pride. Theirs is a consciousness not so much of guilt but certainly of duty not particularly well done. Publicly they more or less got away with it because of the complete paralysis of the critical faculty in the daily press but privately they are fully cognizant that neither individually nor as a body did they acquit themselves creditably. In fact, to be blunt and brief about it, they bungled the job. That is why their approach to the Italian negotiations scheduled to begin within a short time promises to be hesitant and uncertain. It may—and I certainly hope will—turn out better than the French but that note of assurance which the American Commission had at first—and which their position as the generously disposed creditor rather justified has curiously gone. As for me, all the scepticism I have felt from the first as to the getting of real money from these people has returned full force after seeing the way in which they were handled.

The plain fact is the American Commissioners ought to thank God for the timidity and spiritlessness of the Washington correspondents who permitted Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge to cover up a ridiculous situation in which they placed themselves by statements which, to say the least, were disingenuous and misleading. In addition these statements flatly contradicted the reports sent out by the correspondents the night before the break-up, when the fact was those reports were wholly and completely accurate down to the last detail and everybody connected with the Commission knew it. That the correspondents should so meekly submit to being put in the wrong when they knew themselves to be wholly in the right is indicative of the extent to which they permit those in authority to impose upon them. It is an amazing thing that with all the power in the world they should be afraid to use it not only to express their real thoughts of this administration but even in defense of their own integrity. It is a magnificent illustration of the completeness with which the press has become Coolidgized.

Probably the full story of what happened in the Commission meetings will never be publicly told. However there seems to be no doubt whatever that Mr. Mellon favored the acceptance of the final Caillaux proposal and in fact agreed to it. At least the French Commission was convinced such was the case and they were exceedingly happy about it. M. Du May, who was the Lord Riddell of the French Commission, that Wednesday afternoon met the correspondents and as the recognized French spokesman

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conveyed the information that an agreement had been reached between M. Caillaux and Mr. Mellon and proceeded to give the terms in detail. He made it plain that neither the Commission nor the sub-committee had ratified these terms but assumed of course that Mr. Mellon would have no difficulty in securing confirmation from both together with the approval of the President. The vital import of this news—that Mellon and Caillaux had got together—was of course grasped by the correspondents and they went at the story like firemen to a fire.

Every available member of the American Commission was sought not only for confirmation but for his views as to terms. In addition, I am told, Senator Borah was informed of the situation and was not a little responsible for the tone of a number of dispatches that were sent out that night. Always the correspondents rush to Borah when in doubt and always they get, if not quotable inspiration from him, at least inspiration. They did this time. From other members of the Commission they secured complete confirmation of the news they had from the French Embassy. Every member seen was aware that Mr. Mellon favored the French terms and proposed to urge their acceptance. In the morning every newspaper in the land printed the story of the agreement between the two Finance Ministers and gave the terms. Unquestionably some of the papers daily read in Washington did not present these terms in a favorable light and intimated that they would be rejected by Congress. Responsibility for that I have always attributed —and I believe rightly—not only to Borah but to Smoot, Burton and Crisp, all of whom were I am told interviewed that night.

Beyond doubt the tone of the stories in certain newspapers—the Washington Post for instance—stiffened those members like Smoot, who is notoriously a close collector, in their opposition to the French offer, and when the whole Commission went to the White House at nine o'clock, four or five of them were bristling with opposition, which they expressed to Mr. Coolidge.

However, my belief is that Mr. Mellon could, as the French assumed, have put the thing over had Mr. Hoover backed him up. The night before the Congressional members assumed that Mr. Hoover took the same view as Mr. Mellon. I have some reason to think that Mr. Mellon expected him to but when they reached the White House it appeared that Mr. Hoover was on the other side. He even, so I am told, went so far as to express the feeling that acceptance of the French proposal was indefensible. Of course that ended it with Mr. Coolidge. After Mr. Hoover let his views be known there was as much chance of getting Mr. Coolidge to agree to the proposal as there was of getting him to stand on his head. He does not go in the opposite direction to Mr. Hoover if he knows the direction in which Mr. Hoover is going.

Naturally this put poor old Mr. Mellon in an unhappy sort of plight. It is true he had not made any real agreement with Caillaux. All he had done was to let that gentleman know his terms were acceptable to him but that the Commission would have to decide. The French took it for granted that this was a mere matter of form—that the American Commission would do what Mr. Mellon wanted just as the French Commission would endorse anything Caillaux desired. That is where they made their mistake. As a matter of fact when he saw Mr. Hoover's attitude the uselessness of pushing the thing was clear to the Secretary of the Treasury and he made no effort to do so. Thus was his face and dignity saved though some of the shine was rubbed off his prestige.

With the rejection of the French proposal came the Mellon statement denying that any agreement was ever reached between him and M. Caillaux which, of course, was technically although not really true. It was followed later by the "White House spokesman," who flatly contradicted the newspaper stories of Thursday that there had been any agreement, asserted there was no friction among the members of the Commission, declared that no "beans had been spilled" by M. Du May or that the President was influenced in his decision by the newspaper publications.

The net effect of these statements of course was to make out the "corps of correspondents" a set of inaccurate, irresponsible, mentally beclouded scribblers. The fact is that whatever they may be at times, in this matter they were neither inaccurate, irresponsible nor mentally beclouded. On the contrary they were clear-headed, accurate and responsible. The stories of the French journalists accompanying the French Commission furnished additional proof of it. Yet they let the White House and Mr. Mellon make them first establish their alibis and save their dignity and then use them as doormats. And this isn't the first time it has been done.

Washington. T. R. B.

Theatre Drawings

TO a soul, Plotinus says, in one of those passages of his that shine on the centre of our thought, is allotted its own fortunes, not at haphazard but always under a Reason, as the actors of our stage get their masks and other costumes. With the designer for the theatre it is the same. As this soul's fortunes are to it, to the designer is allotted his fortune, the drama that he is to clothe, what background of the visible world it shall be given, what garments, furniture and light. He like this soul in Plotinus, and like this actor, adapts himself to the fortunes assigned to him, ranges himself rightly to the drama that he must invest, and to the whole principle of the piece. He too must speak out what business is given to him, exhibiting at the same time all that a soul can express of its own quality, as a singer in a song. But like this soul and like this actor, the designer holds a peculiar dignity. All three of them act in a vaster place than any stage, and have it in themselves "to be masters of all this world."

These drawings of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones* now shown at the Bourgeois Galleries, and published by Theatre Arts in a series that includes also The Dante Model by Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes, these drawings, or certainly the best of them, The Banquet Scene in Macbeth for instance, The Hamlet, The Cenci, the portico for The Saint, are designs that assume the fortunes that the dramatist has allotted to him, and that express them, carrying radiantly the necessary essence of the idea. Each of these drawings furthers and reveals the meaning of the characters and the event, and conveys the shock of their vitality; they sing the drama's song. But they sing the singer, too. He himself creates within the part assigned him.

I know in the case of my play, The Saint, if I may use what is personal as the most convincing sort of evidence, the setting that Mr. Jones contributed was beyond belief what I myself felt in the scene. It was not so much some particular spot that I had imagined, not a replica of a place that

*Drawings for the Theatre, by Robert Edmond Jones, Theatre Arts, Inc. New York. $5.

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had been behind my eyes, though it was that too as much as need be, but was uncannily what was in my mind, it was the business that I had given him to enact, marvellously the barrenness, austerity, rhythm and passion of what I had written. To their last reaches he created these qualities, exhibiting also in them all that could be expressed of his own beautiful quality, as indeed, to return to Plotinus's figure, a singer in a song.

So much for the dramatist and the designer working for him in terms of architecture, light, clothes, ornaments and forms. But no one who considers the theatre and its nature, could fail to wonder, looking at these scenes and costumes of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, what effect such an investiture of genius could have on the actors in the play. They are the immediate protagonists at hand in the drama out of life that the dramatist has given them to present. But in the vaster theatre within which the actors, the designer and the dramatist together move, the protagonists are the souls of the actors, the soul of the dramatist and the designer's soul. Within these settings that the designer provides, the business of the costumes is to reveal and ennoble the actor's part, as his business is to fill them; together mutually they define and illuminate each other. And if the actor is poorer and the dramatist poorer than is good for the designer, it is his business not to design down to them, as it were, but to express what may have been, even beyond the dramatist's own conscious purpose or the actors' capacity, the nobler and living origins from which, however far off they may be, their impulse and idea have sprung.

This is the lift and fecundity, these are the conceptions at work, that we have seen in Mr. Jones's productions, in the magnificent Birthday of the Infanta, in the Hamlet, The Jest and elsewhere, and that appear in the drawings. Seen on the stage these settings have extraordinary movements and aspects peculiar to the stage only, as for example the height of a moulding in the Hamlet, the exotic curve of a Spanish arch, the orgasmic emphasis of light in the Macbeth, the open splendor of the apartments in Lanzi and A Royal Fandango, or the nuances of Hasenclever's Beyond, set almost wholly in light alone. Drawings cannot give us these elements. But taken as drawings these designs are often complete in themselves.

There are the earlier drawings, that for Caliban, not without its suavity, for Til Eulenspiegel all awry, and the Pélleas et Mélisande. There are the more mature and authoritative designs for Richard Third, with the strong manipulation of the theme of the Tower as a background, the gallows scene with its clotted shadows; for La Cena delle Beffe there is the chamber of Ginevra with its starry walls, and fine doors—a design refused by the Metropolitan Opera House; there are three sketches for The Cenci, one with its central figure surrounded by a wall of lances and silhouetted bodies, another where the lances and bodies draw closer and more pressing and threat turns into triumph as the central figure rises above them. For a subtle revelation of this art of Mr. Jones's full character I should choose the plate for Hamlet, the curtain with its repetition of the thin arch and triple niches, full of Ravenna memories. Even more I admire the Banquet Scene which I think the most astonishing of the drawings. That scene—with its fierce, ghastly colors, its light and dark, its figures of the king and queen and banqueters—not merely bold and obvious like so many designs of its type, among the Germans especially, is, for covered and insuppressible passion, quite unequalled among stage drawings, so far as I know them; it has in it the memory of some horror when the worshipers peered into the reeking viscera of some primitive sacrifice, it is full of voices within us as old as the race, and yet it is held to the ideal mood of great drama.

The character of these drawings is above everything distinguished. They have a directness that makes them now austere, now purely melodic. They have an elimination that is at times voluptuous, even exotic, at times grave. They are both harsh and shy, both dogmatic and mystical, remote and full of confession. They are at the same time extraordinarily sensuous, bold, inward and reserved. Technically what remains most unforgettable about them is their combined use of pen and brush, the subtlety of what keeps them alive, their gradations of line and tone, like the mysterious relation of a man's pulse to his breathing, or like the sharp voice of an instrument against the wind blowing among leaves.

STARK YOUNG.

Young Icarus

Throughout the island of the minotaur
Sleep lay on every leaf.
The sea was but a thin green bar
Strewn with a raveled grain, a sheaf
Of glinting morning gold.

Young Icarus, with fingers whittled cold,
Raised up an arc of feather,
And Dædalus, with fingers colder,
Fastened the wings upon his son together,
And blessed each burdened shoulder.

The dawn slid in upon the sea and foamed
Against the bouldered dark,
And up the gloom an eagle roamed,
Screaming at lowered stars, while winged, stark,
Lithe Icarus took heed:

"Not high nor low, but middle, is our need.
Stay between cloud and cloud . . . "
But suddenly dark Dædalus, amazed,
Opened his wings and with a warning loud
Cried to a light that blazed.

Young Icarus aloft, a crystal spear,
Shattered the pallid hour.
The roaming eagle shied in fear
And spiraled downward, outward from a shower
Of splinter-laden light.

And then, upon the pinnacle of sight,
A spark shot fire and broke,
And down the zenith's azure wall
Careened an arrow with a head of smoke
That slanted in the fall.

Old Dædalus flung out his knotted arms,
But far away was he
From where, amid the gull-alarms,
The body of his son unlocked the sea
With flame-surrendered wings.

Old Dædalus flew on . . . and many things
He gave the children of his land
Before the distant waves had spun
A covering of shell and weed and sand
For what he gave the sun.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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Alice Lloyd and Farfariello

ALICE LLOYD, the English music hall singer, has been appearing at the Palace. Though always somewhat overshadowed by her more famous sister, Marie, Alice Lloyd has had a considerable reputation of her own. She was prettier and less coarse than Marie; and she diversified the songs of a more or less conventional soubrette, such as May, May, May—She lives in Mayfair so gay, with cockney skits like Never Introduce Your Bloke to Your Lady-Friend. It is agreeable to hear her again—and all the more because she now brings with her some of the best of Marie's old songs, the rights to which were bequeathed her by her sister and which she herself does admirably.

Marie Lloyd was one of the most remarkable music hall performers of her generation. She was never able to become a popular favorite in America: on the occasion of her first visit to New York fifteen or twenty years ago, she was denounced by the newspaper critics as immoral and vulgar; and when she last came, during the War, she suffered the fate of Maxim Gorki and was not at first allowed to land. But in London she occupied a position of almost unequalled popularity and privilege. As Mr. T. S. Eliot wrote in The Dial on the occasion of her death, "whereas other comedians amuse their audience as much and sometimes more than Marie Lloyd, no other comedian succeeded so well in giving expression to the life of that audience, in raising it to a kind of art. It was, I think, this capacity for expressing the soul of the people that made Marie Lloyd unique and that made her audience, even when they joined in the chorus, not so much hilarious as happy." Her cockney characterizations especially were wonderful. They were not the characterizations of an impersonator like Chevalier, who sinks himself so completely in the dialect and make-up of his rôle that we lose sight of the basic personality. Marie Lloyd, like Yvette Guilbert rather, was primarily a personality and always remained unmistakable through the variety of ages and conditions in which she embodied herself and which only sounded the different keys of her instrument. This personality was as coarse as Marie's great grinning mouth of English horse teeth and as fine as the instinct which enabled her to appreciate their value.

It is interesting to compare Good Old Iron, a song which Alice Lloyd has been singing at the Palace and which bears internal evidence of being one of Marie's, with the number containing the refrain about how, "Although they used to call me Gladstone's Pet, There's life in the old girl yet!" performed with so much success by Miss Beatrice Lillie in Charlot's Revue. Funny as Miss Lillie is, she does not succeed, or try to succeed, in making her superannuated comic opera star into a human being: her effectiveness, indeed, depends to a great extent on the mere business of the rest of the company, who are supposed to be helping the old lady out. Nor, what is also to the point in connection with this comparison, did Miss Lillie do very much with the waitress in the restaurant scene: she did not even "live" the rôle sufficiently to keep up its cockney accent. Whereas either of the Lloyds would have fallen into the right accent inevitably with the character; and the strength of the character would have lain, not in its jokes, but in its humanity. Good Old Iron is a lady of pleasure who has seen her best days.—"Of course, I can't deny I may have lost a pound or two—Lost me purse—lost me way—but what is that to you?"—With her prunellas, her little parasol and her high-necked black gown of the nineties, she would be distressing if it were not for her unwithered good humor and her indomitable British spirit.—"Come on, fellows! Take a chahnce! Have a dip in the lucky bag!—

"Good old iron! Never was known to rust!
Never was known to rust!
A little fruity on the crust!
I'm no chicken—but everything's complete.
The fellows think I'm no good becuz
I'm not so fat as I usedta wuz.
But don't forget, the closer the bone—the sweeter the meat!"

The English-speaking stage in America has no great music hall comedian of this type—no Chevalier, no Harry Lauder, no Marie Lloyd, no Yvette Guilbert, no Mistinguette. Fanny Brice, with her more limited gift, is, I suppose, our nearest approach to it. But the Italian theatre in New York possesses quite a remarkable impersonator in the old music hall tradition. Farfariello, whose name is sometimes to be seen outside the Italian theatre on Fourteenth Street, is an Italian who has lived in America for now nearly thirty years, during which time he has appeared throughout the country and become known wherever Italians have a theatre to go to. He thus occupies, for a performer of his abilities, rather a singular position—the field of his reputation is narrowly and rigorously limited. He can appeal only to Italian-American audiences—and to them only on a basis of what is still European in their culture. But within this field he is unique and independent. Farfariello originates all his own ideas, writes all his own songs and even makes his own wigs. He must have amused himself very well for he has brought to his work much intelligence, much wit and much sympathetic insight into the lives of his fellow immigrants. He has invented a repertoire of characterizations so enormous that he is able in his present engagement at the Fugazy Theatre on Houston Street, to sing a different set of songs every week. One is astonished by the vast variety of types—young and old, male and female, of all conditions and occupations—which this repertoire includes, and by the skill with which he differentiates among them. The little girl from the public school whose attainments in American history are confined to a dubious statement about Washington but who has acquired a large repertoire of jazz songs which she can, and does, sing from beginning to end; the man who has got drunk at the festa di San Antonio and attempts to tell about it; the barrel-shaped matron who refuses to exchange her native costume for the short skirts of the Americanized women, challenging them to show her any Americanized wife who has produced children in such quantities as she; the watchman; the old woman; the orchestra leader; the opera tenor—all have evidently been studied from life; each has its accents and gestures, its own style. Most charming perhaps of all those I have seen is the stupid but great-spirited fellow who has tried to take out naturalization papers; all went well until it was indicated to him that he was to renounce his Italian citizenship —which he understood as a repudiation of his Italian birth; he protested indignantly and shouted, "Eviva l'Italia!"—whereupon they put him out. He is tremendously excited and expresses the emotions which arise in him at the prospect of repudiating Italy—he enumerates her provinces and peoples, carefully including the Sicilians, who, he explains, are Italians too, and the inhabitants of the little town from which he comes. His voice breaks, he sobs at the thought of the glories he has been invited to betray. These are not parts which have been written to order for Farfariello; they are people whom he has imagined for himself, whom he knows intimately and whom he compels his audience to recognize.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Notes and Queries

PROGRESS OF FAITH. During the War the world turned again to religion. Witnesses of this conversion: Gott mit uns, popularity of priests and rabbis at the front ("Both of us doing God's work; you in your way, and I in His"); Clemenceau advised by soothsayers, but trusting to armament and strategy; memorial chapels. Immediately after the War, loss of faith, especially in the victorious countries. Of this phenomenon the witnesses are less palpable. The failure of religion is noted chiefly in those who did not subscribe to the war "under God" and were dissatisfied with the Treaty and Senator Lusk—the relation of man to man confused with relation of man to God. One wonders whether the "loss of faith" was not actually something else, something less dramatic and less worth talking about. Substitute nuts for meat as a staple food and, for the moment, a feeling of starvation comes; similarly if you substitute an acute scepticism about humanity for an uncritical belief that everything is moderately all right and certain to get better. Faith, in the sense of going to church, calling Jews Christ-killers and Mahometans infidels, sending missionaries to China, and such impertinences, has not failed its zealots. The less organized faith in a divine purpose underlying diabolical cruelties in the world ought to have been fortified by the War, the cruelties so much more manifest, and, unless there be a Great Plan, so much more meaningless. As for the faith lost by the intellectuals there is room to wonder what sort it was, to continue serene from 1900 to 1914, and then so suddenly give way.

Triumph of Ideas. Creative forces of the last one hundred years: active belief in democracy, respect for science, hope in education, general faith in progress. Progress ended in the War, science in machinery; democracy died two deaths, in Bolshevism and K. K. K. Fascism, either one sufficient to discredit representative government; education came to a climax in Dayton. Of the vaguer assumptions, liberty and love of humanity remain in the cocked hat where they landed between 1914 and 1919. No one believes that these apotheoses are final, or even important. They are convenient and melodramatic excuses for not bothering any more about knowledge, politics, economics, and good works. The world has gone to hell; let it stay there.

Nineties and Twenties. The pessimism of the 1890's was personal. The world was a bitter place, ugly, cruel and dull; it provided no habitation for the æsthete, the man of feeling, the wit. But the world was also perfectible; beauty and pagan love and Renaissance glamor could be saved, and even created. Nothing of that hope remains. The actual pessimism of our time, not the poetic dislike of mean streets and meaner people, has its source in the conviction that the fertility of the spirit has come to an end. Things are no longer created, but manufactured; vitality is displaced by a specious virility, natural power by developed strength. The waters of life are drying at their sources and the world becomes a waste-land. This is the dreary litany of a decaying Europe to which Waldo Frank once alluded; it may be dreary and true. To some temperaments there can now be nothing serious in mortality. The question in this case is whether they are the most clairvoyant, or only the most sensitive.

Avenues of Escape. For those who actually find the present major movements of humanity distasteful, the ways of escape are many. Journalism, anything done day by day and for itself, domestic life, business, the piling up and enjoyment of comfort, now achieve a decided tang. One goes into them to spite high ideals, to mortify the spirit and make a mockery of sacrifice for art or love of humanity. They are better than dissipation. There is also art, conceived coldly and without function—joy in the pure form, growing dislike of attractive or emotional subject matter, a turn to the tawdry and tidy. Also, for evasion, the farther reaches of speculative science, a calm, detached satisfaction in thinking about relativity.

Return to Battle. A loose international group, with members in Paris, London, and Peru, rejects all idea of escape and returns to intensity. A touch of the Nietzschean doctrine, an æsthetic satisfaction in extremes, Napoleon as poet-creator. To live fully, violently, exercising every potentiality, getting everything in life, wealth, honor, women. There is no sense of sin to give zest to doing wrong, but a feeling that a wrong thing justifies itself if it is passionately and completely, that is, beautifully done. This is called faith in life itself, in distinction to faith in the meaning or dignity of life. It is not easy to elaborate out of this a moral system; it savors a little of the cult of violence which so often captivates neurasthenics.

Irony in America. We have produced a few first class satirists, but irony eludes us almost entirely. This can be counted proof of our mental immaturity, and is a happy circumstance. Irony seems actually inapplicable and excessive when action, with which it is incompatible, is so easy, so much in our power. Irony is a religious mood, although an inverted one; it cannot exist against a small background, and one can hardly be ironic about a tariff schedule or a subway system. Satire suffices. A Frenchman knows that French civilization is the summing up of all civilization, so that if something goes wrong, the wrong appears to him cosmic, and an injustice to Dreyfus casts a shadow on the sun. The good American feels that few things of importance can resist the good result of honest primaries and a spirit of give and take; satire is adequate to the case when these fail and a temporary wrong is done. Naturally American novelists are not ironic, for they are still dealing with Americans, and only infrequently with human beings.

GILBERT SELDES.

Tennis

Men tangled life within a narrow green
Rectangle, pared its tumult to the clash
Of white, swift balls that players drive or smash,
Wary of lines and perilous net between.
The challenge streaks across the web of cord;
The bronze arm swings its resonant Yes or No,
Shifting in zig-zag drama, blow by blow,
The score that paints the battle on the board.

The builder swings his tower to touch a cloud
And wonders is it well with cloud and tower;
The soldier doubts his war, the priest the loud
Drone of his creed; here for a little hour,
Of grass and net and bronze arm swinging free
Men weave a rhythmic, swift finality.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Wasting a Million a Day

SIR: Will you permit me to amend one statement made by Mr. Stuart Chase in the first of his interesting articles on The Tragedy of Waste? On page 283 of your issue of August 5 he says (as an obiter dictum, it is true, rather than a point in his principal argument) that "when Brandeis charged the railroads with wasting a million dollars a day—a charge based on a Taylor analysis—the whole country began to listen" (to the apostles of scientific management).

The estimate of a million dollars a day of preventable waste in railway operation, which Brandeis quoted, was based not on a Taylor analysis but on one made by Harrington Emerson. It had been published some months before in the pages of The Engineering Magazine. The greater reaction to it after the rate hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission was due partly to the dramatic setting—the publicity naturally surrounding the proceedings at Washington—and partly to Mr. Brandeis's genius in developing and presenting his case as counsel for the shippers.

Up to that time, at least, Taylor and his associates had not turned their attention to railway operating-cost problems. The classical examples of the "Taylor system" described in the technical press, and the instances and results offered for the consideration of the Commission, were all drawn from manufacturing plants. Emerson, on the other hand, working by broader and less formalized methods, had already achieved important savings in the motive-power department of the Santa Fé road. These were the bridge, so to speak, over which Brandeis planned to move in advancing his argument—which was, briefly, that a concept of principles and a method of procedure which had proved vastly economical in mechanical production could be applied to railway operation; and that until the railways had corrected their remediable wastes by the use of these (or generically similar) methods, they should not be allowed to throw the burden of their deficits on the public in the form of higher freight rates.

It may be interesting to write into Mr. Chase's history another fact: that is, that the term "scientific management" was first generally adopted at a conference preceding the rate hearings just mentioned. A number of engineers, all volunteers in the public interest (as Mr. Brandeis was himself in this case) had assembled at Washington to lay their experiences and conclusions before the Commission: Emerson, Gantt, Gilbreth, Hathaway, Day, and I think Cooke and Thompson. Taylor was not there in person, but was represented by his associates among the four last mentioned. There were others also; editorially, I had worked with many of these men in giving their vision and their philosophy to the public. We were all talking about the same thing, though we saw it from different sides and in different perspective. It must be introduced to the Commission by a name which would be generally applicable, and one on which all could agree. And the name then proposed and accepted was "Scientific Management."

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

Roxport, Mass.

Prohibition Confusion

SIR: In view of the editorial paragraph in the last issue condemning criticism of the report on the Enforcement of Prohibition by the Federal Council of Churches, I would like to make the following statement:

I am a Vice-Chairman both of the National and the New York State Women's Committee for Law Enforcement, which includes representatives of temperance and church organizations, and the only criticism which has reached me is to the effect that the report strikes a more defeatist note than the contents warrant. However, we take it for granted that this was done merely to emphasize the necessity of a campaign of education, a necessity of which we are entirely conscious.

No service can be more important than the clear placing of responsibility upon the Treasury Department and the recognition that misused permits for the manufacture of industrial alcohol are the greatest source of the illicit supply. This understanding will clear the ground for all our future work.

We hope that this inquiry will be continued and that it will include a study of the following points: First, the effect of statewide prohibition on the points raised by the inquiry. Second, the effect on women of the control exerted through a public opinion as rigid as law which effectively debarred one sex from a prevailing indulgence.

I believe that the intellectual confusion is created by the assumption that the majority of the support which the prohibition law has received, comes from those who believe that a moral improvement should be effected by it. I believe that any inquiry would show that the favorable majority which has been secured for referendums in California, Ohio, and lastly, in Massachusetts, was made up of persons who supported this legislation as measures of health and public safety.

There also appears to be an extraordinary confusion as to the definition of crime. Does anyone believe that a crime can be created by the passage of a law? Drinking, in my opinion, should be classed with the taking of other habit-forming drugs. While neither, perhaps, can be classed as a crime in itself, both are a source of crime and of indescribable misery.

MARGARET NORRIE.

New York City.

Science and Religion

SIR: In your remarkably clarifying editorial on "Reconciling" Science and Religion you cover the position taken by Professor Mather in his letter appearing also in the issue of September 9, but in his endeavor to get purpose, even if only a modified experimental purpose, with neither complete control nor complete foresight he falls back on the now generally abandoned theory of Vitalism. It should be pointed out therefore that the Mechanists have clearly demonstrated that even consciousness, one of the last strongholds of the Vitalists, can be adequately explained mechanistically.

The theory of Vitalism is a good example of one of the devices thrown out by some sympathetic scientists to the sinking theologians.

JAMES F. PORTER.

Dark Harbor, Me.

America and Europe in 1917

SIR: While "circumstances alter cases," and the following quotations of remarks by Mr. Hoover in 1917 had then no possible application to subsequent borrowings by European nations from the United States, yet it is interesting to note what impressed him at that time as being desirable for members of the New York Chamber of Commerce to consider in the light of circumstances then existing.

In a pamphlet issued by the Belgian Relief Commission as a reprint from the February Bulletin, 1917, of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Hoover is reported as saying in his appeal for larger contributions for Belgian relief: (page 10)

> Now finally, gentlemen, I wish to put to you a phase of the matter which I regard as of deep national importance, and one vastly wider than the Relief. The result of this War will be that America will be rich, prosperous, wealthy, and will have made untold millions of this wealth out of the woe and swelter of Europe. It is true enough that we were not responsible for this War. On the other hand, we have made profits out of this misfortune. The justification of any rich man in the community is his trusteeship to the community for his wealth. The justification of America to the world-community today is her trusteeship to the world-community for the property which she holds. The ownership of this wealth carries dangers in times to come, and it behooves its trustees to take account of its responsibilities. There is growing up and there has grown up in Europe a note of bitterness which will seriously affect our whole relations with Europe for years to come. The only amelioration possible is for this country to properly assume its burden towards the helpless in Europe. It is not for us to question the cause of their misery. It is our duty to save. The money which has come to us from these people is money in trust, and unless America recognizes this trust, she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession.

CHAS. W. CLURE.

Front Royal, Va.

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Dark Laughter

Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S novel marks a definite point of achievement in an artistic career which has moved steadily in a single direction. He has always looked at life in the same way and been acutely conscious of the same things—the material stuff of the world. For tools and the work of men's hands he has always had an intimate feeling. Above all, the experience of men and women, what they see, hear, taste, smell, their toil, their play, their love, their contact with one another and their pathetic efforts to communicate by words, their still more pathetic efforts to understand themselves—all this Mr. Anderson has striven to render with the simplicity, the naiveté of a child or a primitive artist. His work has extraordinary unity; the differences are those of degree. His short stories have frequently communicated the feeling of life almost perfectly; his novels have done this for longer stretches, but none before this has carried through to the end the full realization of its intention. Last year appeared Mr. Anderson's autobiography, similar to his fiction in substance of life and outlook upon it, revealing with engaging frankness his quarry and his process. Such a hold on material and method, such a clear perception of his problem, gave good ground for expectation of greater things from Sherwood Anderson. This expectation has been fulfilled in Dark Laughter.

Dark Laughter is the story of a man and a woman. The man is John Stockton, a reporter with a flair for facts, but no interest in dressing them up for the public—that he left to the rewrite man. The extremely casual nature of Stockton's contacts with his world is made clear—with his father who had married again after John's mother had died, with his wife Bernice who wrote stories for the magazines and had acquired a following, or at least followers. Naturally she came to look down on her husband. He did not resent this, but it bored him. So one day he merely walked out of the apartment in which his personal interest was limited to an unpressed suit or two and a few stringy neckties, and did not come back. The most real element in his experience was in the past, when his mother was alive, and he had taken a trip with her and his father on the Ohio river. As a free man he first turned to the river and boats, and made the voyage to New Orleans. Then he made for Oldtown where he had been raised, and, as Bruce Dudley, found a job in Grey's carriage factory. There he worked beside Sponge Martin who had learned how to live. He had also learned how to work, and he taught Bruce how to paint carriage wheels.

Aline Aldridge was the daughter of a man in Chicago, who could afford to pay $5,000 for his portrait. Aline went to Paris with the artist and his wife, attended art classes, also the Quat'z Arts ball, saw a man at a studio party whom she fancied she wanted but lacked address to get to him, and married Fred Grey, who was recovering from a wound received in the War.

Love in Sherwood Anderson's account of experience is what it is in Browning's—it is the force which propels human beings on their way. It clears the vision and impels to action.

> She should never have looked at me
> If she meant I should not love her.

Only with Anderson love is a naked fact without glamor or romance. Aline looked at Bruce who reminded her of the man at whom she had once looked in Paris, vainly. Her glance is caught by Sponge who interprets it crudely enough. Up to this time the story has moved sluggishly between past and present, expanding and contracting like a snake half awakened. Now it shoots forward. Aline's advertisement for a gardener brings Bruce to the Grey place. Fred Grey—one of Mr. Anderson's best understood characters—finds the only course compatible with his dignity in ignoring the triangle which is forming, out of which figure two of the characters eventually step on the road to freedom.

This pattern of human life, guided by frail intelligence and wavering will, shades off into a background of humanity, a silent chorus of primitive men and women, strong in instinct. One of Bruce Dudley's memories of that most vivid episode of his past, the steamboat excursion with his parents, gathers about the negro workers.

> From the throats of the ragged black men as they trotted up and down the landing-stage, strange haunting notes. Words were caught up, tossed about, held in the throat. Word-lovers, sound-lovers—the blacks seemed to hold a tone in some warm place, under their red tongues perhaps. Their thick lips were walls under which the tone hid. Unconscious love of inanimate things lost to the whites—skies, the river, a moving boat—black mysticism—never expressed except in song or in the movements of bodies.

Later the drama played by Bruce and Aline is surrounded by a cloud of black witnesses. "The two negro women in the house watched and waited. Often they looked at each other and giggled. The air on the hilltop was filled with laughter—dark laughter."

Dark Laughter contains all the distinguishing notes of Mr. Anderson's fiction. What marks it as an advance on his earlier novels, however, is that he has achieved an artistic unity through a clearer view and a stronger and more persistent grasp of his material and its meaning. And his interpretation is strikingly, if unconsciously, in harmony with the leading tendency in the thought of the day. No word is of more frequent and honorable occurrence in modern philosophy than experience. Experience is the sum of all that we are and do; it is the world of events and persons outside ourselves which becomes a part of ourselves as we take it up in feeling or thought or action. Now this is precisely Mr. Anderson's subject matter, consciously conceived, and he deals with it in the spirit of the pragmatist. Experience, says Dr. Dewey, warns us that "all intellectual terms are products of discrimination and classification—that we must go back to the primitive situations of life," and also that "we must begin with things in their complex entanglements rather than simplifications." This is precisely what Mr. Anderson illustrates with his characters. Fred Grey relies on a classification, a conventional simplification of life known as marriage, within which, he is sure, such things as Bruce and Aline meditate do not happen. Bruce and Aline are thrown back on a primitive situation. At first they are among the characters of whom Mr. Anderson has given us so many who confess themselves "all mussed up." They are flotsam and jetsam on the ocean of events. Now, says Dr. Dewey, "the striving to make stability and meaning prevail over the instability of events is the main task of intelligent human effort." It is the desire for stability and meaning which causes Bruce and Aline to integrate themselves toward one another.

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Another term of frequent and honorable occurrence in this philosophy is art—art not as decoration, but as the guiding principle of life itself. Mr. Anderson has always felt the importance of art in the mastering of the crude material fact of the world. He has seen it likewise as a discipline and training by which his characters have come into control of themselves. He is instinctively repelled by the notion of art as something external, decorative, fallacious. It is precisely this conception on the part of Bernice which disgusts Bruce with the meretricious quality of the life in which she would entangle him—"that story Bernice was writing about the man who saw the wax figure in a shop window and thought it was a woman." Bruce on the contrary "had a vague notion that he, in common with almost all American men, had got out of touch with things—stones lying in the fields, the fields themselves, houses, trees, rivers, factory walls, tools, women's bodies, sidewalks, people on sidewalks, men in overalls, men and women in automobiles." What attracts him to Sponge Martin is the latter's closeness to this reality and particularly his power of manipulating it to a perfect result. "Sponge could fill his brush very full, and yet handle it in such a way that the varnish did not drip down, and he left no ugly thick places on the wheels he did. The stroke of the brush was like a caress." The application of the principle of art to life is a cardinal one with the pragmatists, illustrated in great fulness by Havelock Ellis's Dance of Life. "All art," says Dewey, "is a process of making the world a different place in which to live." And Bruce has the same idea.

> Perhaps if you got the thoughts and fancies organized a little, made them work through your body, made thoughts and fancies a part of yourself—they might be used then—perhaps as Sponge Martin used the brush. You might lay them on something as Sponge Martin could lay varnish on. Suppose about one man in a million got things organized a little. What would that mean? What would such a man be? Would he be a Napoleon, a Caesar?

Finally it might be argued that in its entire attitude Mr. Anderson's book illustrates the pragmatic conception of morality, which, to quote Dr. Dewey again, "is in no way distinct in its origin, working and destiny from the natural structure and career of human nature"; and especially in its outcome, in which it satisfies his test for conduct: "Activity is creative in so far as it moves to its own enrichment as activity, that is, bringing along with itself a release of further activities." This at all events is the meaning which Mr. Anderson sees in the departure of Bruce and Aline.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Unprofitable War

The Great Pacific War. A History of the American-Japanese Campaign of 1931-33, by Hector C. Bywater. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 317 pages. $2.50.

THERE is no earthly reason why a war between Japan and the United States should be regarded as in any wise inevitable; but there is, on the other hand, the very best reason why we ought not to ignore its undeniable possibility or shirk consideration of the issues that it involves. Fair and open-minded consideration of the conflict of interests that is leading toward war, expert and intelligent discussion of the difficulties of fighting it, and an unsparing description of the mutual disaster that is pretty certain to engulf both victor and vanquished in any struggle between modern fleets and armies, are war-preventives worth any number of pious orations about peace.

In writing The Great Pacific War, Mr. Bywater has probably exposed himself to some fairly harsh criticism from the ostrich school of peace-makers who believe that a direct clash of vital national interests will end in mutual conciliation if only its existence is denied with sufficient vehemence; but such criticism will be exceedingly unfair and unjustified. In the hands of intelligent readers, American, English, or Japanese, this volume of "history" that fortunately has not yet happened is a powerful argument for peace. How unintelligent readers may regard it, I cannot pretend to say; but surely any one who finds in The Great Pacific War an incentive to the war spirit must have considerably more than the common human measure of stupidity. The Japanese protests that this decorous strategic study has already evoked are surely not justified in view of the two similar books that have already appeared in Japan—and in any case Mr. Bywater, as an Englishman, can hardly be said to speak for these United States.

The immediate cause of the fatal war of 1931 is of a type that authentic history makes only too familiar—an endeavor by the leaders of a divided country to secure national unity through a popular war. Japanese statesmen decide to combat "dangerous thought" and labor unrest by fighting America. The war opens with a series of Japanese victories. A merchant steamer is blown up in the Panama Canal, thus dividing American naval forces. The Philippines are captured almost at once. Guam succumbs after a heroic resistance. As Mr. Bywater explicitly asserts that Pacific distances are not in and of themselves an adequate defence, he allows the California coast to be raided. American shipping is almost driven off the sea; but there is a ray of consolation in the fact that Japanese submarine commanders carefully refrain from a policy of ruthlessness, historical studies having convinced the Naval Staff that such a course prevents trouble with neutral powers and encourages merchant vessels to surrender. So far as I am aware, after a careful perusal of a fair share of the alarmingly copious literature of the next war, this is the only cheerful thing ever written about that impending catastrophe.

Initial Japanese successes, however, are followed by corresponding disasters. An American fleet reverses the Oregon's achievement and rounds Cape Horn, evading the Japanese submarines lurking off Tierra del Fuego, and sailing into the Pacific. The first American effort to carry the war into Japanese waters fails, but presently American vessels seize advanced bases and late in 1932 the American fleet is victorious in a desperate battle off the island of Yap. Guam and the Philippines are retaken. Chinese armies swarm into Manchuria and drive out the Japanese. The war ends in a defeat for the Mikado's forces.

But there is nothing in that fact to encourage jingoism. "War," says Mr. Bywater, "is never a paying proposition from any national point of view." That is not quite so true as one could wish it—witness Japan's own past profits; but it is true of the Great Pacific War. Japan sinks from the status of a first-class power. American shipping is gone, the country struggles under high taxation and the resultant social unrest. The United States has not gained any substantial benefit save the elimination of a perpetual source of anxiety.

The Great Pacific War is a book for jingoes to ponder long and deeply.

JOHN BAKELESS.

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Words and Idioms

Words and Idioms, by Logan Pearsall Smith. Boston: The Houghton, Mifflin Company. 300 pages. $2.

MR. PEARSALL SMITH has written one of the most readable and provocative books about the English language which we have seen in a long time. "There is," he warns us, "a peculiar tedium, a kind of special boredom which seems inseparable from books on words," and then he goes on to construct a book of his own which is more exciting than most novels. For Mr. Pearsall Smith, who believes that "no history is so fascinating, or so important, as the history of the human spirit," feels about words as a biographer feels about people, knows that words have inexplicable births, and remote childhoods, and queer changing adolescences, and stable maturities, and change again, and death and disappearance.

The book is a collection of studies rather than a whole, and each essay opens up a rich vein. Mr. Pearsall Smith is himself an accomplished yachtsman, and therefore brings to his discussion of English sea-terms passion as well as knowledge. But since the other essays offer more handholds for the climbing reviewer, we must pass this one by, interesting as it is, only remarking by the way the author's championing of the Anglo-Saxon against Latin, Greek or hybrid words, his preference of "steamer" and "battleship" to the terms which might have been foisted on us by language makers—athmoploion and ferropleuk. And we cannot stop as long as we would like to at the chapter on English Words Abroad, though the portrait of John Bull as drawn in foreign minds by the words imported from him is an amusing one. English exports seem to consist solely of words referring to drink, sport, clothes, and social custom—words such as roast-beef, whisky, smoking, mackintosh, gentleman, dandy, fashionable, snob, high-life, shocking, groom and blackball. In return, England has imported from France words which add up to exactly the same kind of national caricature — amateur, bon vivant, soufflé, champagne, demi-mondaine. More subtly characteristic than these, however, is another discovery of Mr. Pearsall Smith's: "English adjectives like *romantic* and *constitutional* travel abroad, and, after their sojourn among foreign theorists, return home changed into abstract nouns—*romanticism, constitutionality,* charged with doctrine and propagandist purposes."

Mr. Pearsall Smith's originality, and the interest we feel as a result, come from just such a biographical eye for the long lives of words. In the chapter on Four Romantic Words he has followed the history of these words, the changes in their meanings, their rise, from humble origins, to a brilliant place in the world of words, their association with "one of the most important movements of European thought," of which they were at once the product and the shining banners—*romantic, originality, genius* and *create.* Though by compressing his biography we do the author's account much injustice, here, crudely and in brief, is the life of one of them—their leader.

The word *romantic,* descended obscurely from such foreigners as *romant, romaunt, romanties* and *romanticus,* was born in England in 1659, in Evelyn's Diary, and survived its less sturdy adjectival brothers, born about the same time: *romance, romancial, romancy,* and *romancicall.* "Why just at this time was there a need felt for this adjective which had never been felt before?" Because a change in human thought had become obvious enough to need a term to express it. That change was scorn of the high-flown, artificial romances which had been in vogue. "The supernatural and what we now call the sentimental, were falling into disrepute at the time when the word romantic appeared to describe them." It was at about this time that "imagination gave way to correctness" in English literature, and if we would know the meaning of *romantic* then, we can guess at it from its frequent association with "chimerical," "ridiculous," "bombast," and from such phrases as "profane and impious, absurd and indeed romantic." "It was the need, therefore, to mark the contrast between the truth of nature and the falsehood of romance which first brought into use this famous adjective."

But the age of reason, which rose on the ashes of the age of romance, was in turn dethroned. It placed judgment above imagination, and its formal verse began to be challenged by those who better appreciated the value of imagination. *Romantic* slowly "began to mean something which, though absurd, was captivating to the imagination," and was then the equivalent of the French *romanesque.* "Along with its deprecatory use for the incidents and sentiments of the old romances, it was also used as an adjective of half conscious appreciation for scenes and places like those which they describe," expressing a vague, awaking love for wild nature. This was at about the beginning of the eighteenth century. And there the word might have stayed the rest of its life but for the fact that it journeyed abroad.

Translations from English into French helped to make *romantic* "one of those modern words which describe, not so much the objective qualities of things, as our response to them." At about the time that the word *romantic* came to France with the meaning of "Nature seen through a literary medium," the word *pittoresque,* used to "describe scenes that were like pictures, and were seen through the medium of another art, that of painting," was born in France, and came to England, where, under the name of *picturesque,* it still shares with *romantic* the burden of unbearably heavy use. So that now both words, in their general enthusiastic use so stale, are yet monuments to that strange change in human nature which made men prefer to view nature through the colored lenses of two arts, though they might practice neither.

But we must go back to the story of the nobler meaning of *romantic.* Wild poets and Catholic reactionaries in Germany took it up, opposed it to "classical," found in it a war-cry of revolt. The war spread from Germany to France (while England was still at peace, her word battled abroad) but French Romanticism is sufficiently famous. "From France the word returned to the home of its pastoral youth, curiously changed and transformed by its foreign experiences, its adventures in the company of German Jesuits, German philosophers, and French radicals, and loaded with a whole world of new meanings."

It is still so loaded—overloaded indeed. Has it run its course? Will it see once more strange changes of fortune? Or has it, like one arrived through famous battles at great prosperity, grown corpulent with too many meanings, and stale with report upon too many tongues?

After this literary and most carefully documented chapter Mr. Pearsall Smith plunges into much darker matter: Popular Speech and Standard English. The first thing an American notices is that this chapter applies to very little he knows himself, and that an entirely different chapter would have to be written for the popular speech and the standard English of Americans. We have no standard English, and what we have is changing all the time. Any reader of H. L. Mencken's fascinating book will agree

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with him that the two languages are separate, and continually growing farther apart. Nearly all Mr. Pearsall Smith's chapter, though his talk about words is as interesting as gossip about people, seems to an American strangely remote, for the secret popular sources that feed our language are of course entirely different from those that feed English. One suddenly realizes, with something of a shock, that a vast proportion of English popular speech would have to be learned by an average American just as he would learn French or German. Standard speech is helpless without the constant influx of popular terms, and the difference between street English and street American is too great ever to allow of a truly common ground in the standard speech. So Mr. Pearsall Smith, though he has dug up many curiosities, placed on brief exposition many fine words born to blush unseen, and made all sorts of penetrating observations, is not of much help to those of us who would like to enrich American speech as he would English. One would like to help him rescue from the corners of dialect such a fine collection as this

> To *munge,* meaning to eat in secret, to *pomster,* to treat oneself with quack remedies, the *eveing* of stones and walls when moisture collects on them with a change of weather, the *dirling* of one's elbow when one knocks it suddenly, the *smeech* of a smoky lamp, the *gushels,* or little dams made by children, or the *dilly-castles* they build against the tide.

The dark corners where such words grow unmolested are disappearing, here as well as in England, before the onslaught of literacy, universal education, and newspapers, before the "predominance of the eye over the ear." Speech is made to be spoken, and not seen, and its riches derive from tongue and ear rather than the eye. At first sight, American newspapers, with their acres of pale boiled journalese, seem to be a horribly deadening and standardizing influence. Yet the newspapers repair much of this harm. Every comic strip, every Milt Gross, every Bugs Baer, every Ring Lardner, every sport writer even, is adding daily something he either hears or invents, and by no means all of it is mere slang. (Mere slang, we agree with Mr. Pearsall Smith, is "generally created, not to define a thing, but to say something funny about it.") We dare to say that our popular sources of speech are much livelier and heartier than the English; they promise, and often achieve, a richer language, well worth the curious eye and patient ear of a master. So that if Mr. Pearsall Smith will but return to his native land, we can assure him of reward.

The last hundred pages of his book are devoted to idioms, of which he gives a fuller list, and a more carefully classified one, than we have ever before seen. We have no quarrel with his industry or his scholarship. And we are one with him in desire for a richer language. But we must assume, from this very desire to enrich the language, from the prodigious quantities of idioms he has collected, and from his own positive statements, that he approves of idioms, that he thinks they add to the language, that he would like to see more of them, that he is not easily tired of them —

> Quotations from the poets weary us if too often repeated, flowers from the garden of speech soon wither, learned figures become trite and hackneyed, but the pot and the frying-pan, the wet-blanket and the spilt milk, the cat in the bag, and the pig in the poke, never lose their moral application; nor can we ever tire of the misadventures of those immortal rustics who count their chickens before they are hatched, harness the cart before the horse, fall between two stools, or most injudiciously keep on throwing stones from the glazed windows of the houses in which they live.

But to us, who are, perhaps indefensibly, more easily tired than Mr. Pearsall Smith, the idioms which he so attractively disguises are simply and solely rubber-stamps, always morally applicable, to be sure, but verbally worn thin with time and the handling by countless minds all with exactly the same thought, or lack of it. How would you endure, for instance, a talker or a writer who fired at you, in one page or one minute, such morally applicable chestnuts as: to cudgel one's brains, not a jot or tittle, to rob Peter to pay Paul, to laugh out of court, a watched pot never boils, between you and me and the bedpost, as bold as brass, then and there, hither and thither, rain or shine, high and dry, neck and neck, again and again? You would call him a bore, a rubber-stamp artist, a man 100 percent lacking in originality, and it would occur to you that most of the people who use these idioms use them not through thought, but for lack of it, for lack of anything much worth saying. Such idioms are habits, and for the most part, and for all writers, bad habits. The writer, to coin an expression which we hope will catch on and ultimately become an idiom, must roll his own.

ROBERT LITTELL.

These Twain

Wanderings, by Robert Herrick. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.

THE "wanderings" with which the present pages concern themselves are both topographical and psychical: on the one hand, the Caribbean and our Spanish Southwest; on the other, the strenuous endeavors of stranger souls to meet, to understand, to coalesce. "Together"—title of one of Mr. Herrick's earlier novels—might be taken as the watchword of this volume, and is its crux. Upon the title-page might well have stood the old couplet:

> There is another life I long to meet,
> Without which life my own is incomplete.

That "solitude of the soul" which has been depicted in other fields of art is the book's burden, and thwarted coalescence provides its recurrent pang.

Mr. Herrick, in his reaction against the reign of the juvenile and the non-significant (one of the banes of our day), devotes himself in large part to the middle-aged intelligentsia. His people are old enough to have developed a certain richness of nature. Being mature, they tend to take things hard—like middle-aged beginners at golf; and they are put through their paces with an intent and unsmiling severity. They function, too, in alien environments—like organisms torn from their native habitats and exposed to the processes of some unfamiliar laboratory, wherein takes place "the great experiment—the effort to make these twain one," and where there is the hope of capturing "the elusive secret of complete union of two beings, which might never be accomplished by the ordinary routine of existence."

These organisms are not many. Perhaps, subordinates aside, they are but two. They recur. Recur too their motives, their notions, their actions. The man is the not

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unfamiliar male. The woman is past her first youth, and whether married or single, whether the victim of sub-tragedy or the sport of near-comedy, and whether desirous of psychic fusion or recalcitrant, is an individualist. She is against "the proprietary instinct," and if already wedded she has "long ago finished with marriage and all that it meant of subordination and surrender." With such a peculiarity established and static in this various heroine, it may be anticipated that most of the experiments to which she is subjected turn out unsatisfactorily, and that life seems to be presented as a baffling affair indeed.

The more thoroughly to work out his theme, Mr. Herrick supplements his studies of the human race with a study of the race canine: an extremely good and discerning dog-story—one of divided and thwarted allegiance—rounds out the volume and accomplishes itself quite as effectively as any of the preceding pieces, and rather less laboriously. It also conveys the author's views on world politics and the Russian problem, contrasting the venturesome and violent tendencies of its bolshevist hero with the retreat into the "sheltered life" preferred by, or imposed upon, his meek little foil.

HENRY B. FULLER.

The Airplane in War and Peace

Winged Defense, by William Mitchell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 261 pages. $2.50.

COLONEL MITCHELL early in his career committed a tactical blunder. Instead of spending four years at West Point, he wasted his time constructing telegraph lines in Alaska. Thereby he missed the lesson of discipline each cadet learns in his first year; that the first duty of the soldier is to obey unquestioningly, that a major general is always right, and that an officer's wisdom is in direct ratio to his rank. Thus one major general is approximately equal to the sum of two brigadiers, and these each, in turn, excel in knowledge at least two colonels.

Now Mitchell is merely a colonel, whereas most of the high command at Washington are major generals, so on this basis alone any one of them can be expected to know more than he. If wisdom is further equated to chronological seniority, it is seen immediately what Admiral Eberle meant when alluding to impatient youth. His sixty-one years make him 322.6 percent older than Mitchell, who was born in 1879.

With these obvious handicaps, Mitchell had the temerity to contradict his superior officers concerning the future military importance of aircraft. A speedy demotion from the position of Assistant Chief of the Air Service ensued, and this book followed to place the case of the airplane before the public.

In Winged Defense, Mitchell implies that the army command is composed mainly of routineers trained to react automatically to familiar situations, in a manner prescribed by army manuals and regulations, but wholly incapable of coping with the new and unfamiliar. This will not be unconvincing to those readers who remember the classic stubbornness of Kitchener in refusing to equip British troops in Belgium with high explosive shells instead of with the shrapnel that he had used against the Boers.

Aviation to the typical army officer, Mitchell points out, is merely a better eye to see with, and an instrument to detect troop movements, to conduct liaison, to direct artillery fire. Important as these are, they constitute but a small fraction of the airplane's military significance.

The airplane, with its great speed, mobility, carrying power, manœuvrability, etc., is a combat weapon of the first rank. These qualities all enable it to accept or refuse battle at its choice. If it accepts battle, the only effective weapon against it is other aircraft. Infantry fire against hostile ships is totally useless, and anti-aircraft artillery slightly less so. During the recent War, this type of defense accounted for about one-tenth of one percent of the airplane losses.

The combatant whose supremacy in the air is established, Mitchell contends, will, in the next war, be able to achieve victory by delivering quick strokes of enormous destructiveness at stategic centres in our industrial structure. His vision is distant enough to foresee that the next great war will be fought, not between two armed forces, as all the tactics books assume, but between armed forces on the one side, and non-combatant groups, engaged in civilian arts of production and transportation, on the other.

The strategic centres to be attacked are obvious; those points from which our complex industrial and financial structure is directed. And because of that very complexity, physical destruction will not be necessary, if the populace can be dispersed, since organization means, primarily, the co-ordinated efforts of men rather than things.

Doubt as to the potency of aircraft to deal such blows is dispelled by Mitchell in his discussion of the bombing tests of 1920, when five airplanes, with as many bombs, in a very few minutes sank a dreadnaught of advanced design.

The book is frankly propaganda for a separate Air Service. As a subordinate arm of the War and Navy departments, the Air Service is treated as a stepchild, Mitchell asserts. Appropriations are pruned by men hostile to its public prestige; the flying personnel offered no incentive through promotion; the development of an air program entrusted to non-flying officers ignorant of the airplane's potentialities; and civilian aviation neglected.

A goodly amount of space is devoted to aeronautics as a peaceful pursuit and the part that it can play in our national economy. While the book deals with a military subject, it is not primarily militaristic in spirit. The author writes more as an airman than as a soldier. The term "air-going people" recurs frequently, and he complains of the stupidity of subjecting air personnel to the usual army routine of drill. He even advances some arguments for aircraft as an aid to the limitation of armaments and as an instrument to end wars of aggression. He does, however, accept war tacitly, and sets himself mainly the task of describing how it can be waged most cheaply and effectively through the employment of aircraft.

ISKANDER HOURWICH.

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